Saturday Night

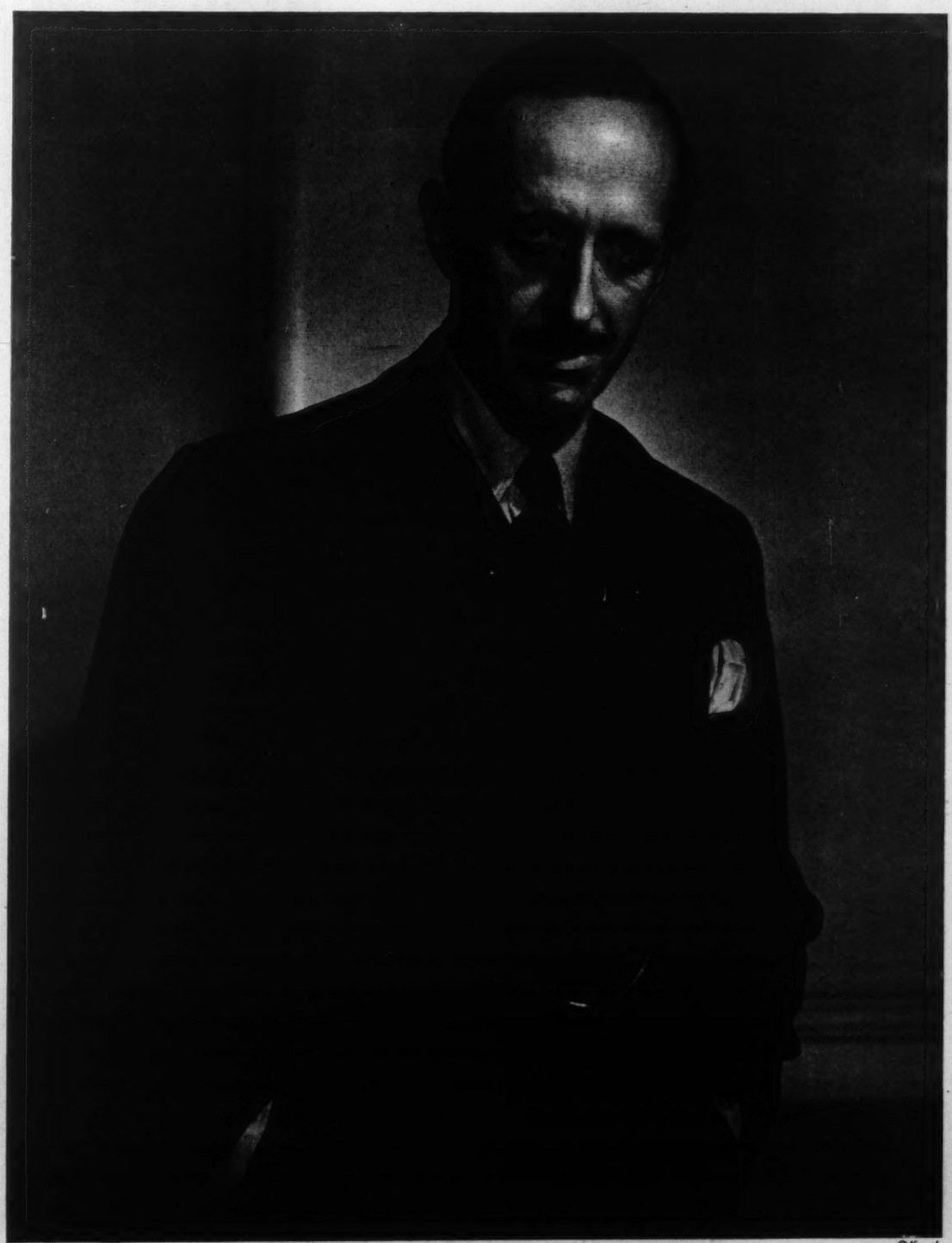
August 8, 1953 . 10 Cents

The Front Page

As the soporific election campaign sweated its humid way through July, its sogginess was relieved for a couple of moments by two cool statements, one issued from Montreal and the other made in Regina. Both of them, in their own way, had to do with honesty in politics.

From Montreal, the Canadian Jewish Congress sent an open letter to the leaders of all Canadian political parties and their candidates. The Congress was "disturbed to note that in recent elections, supporters of various candidates for political office have appealed for support specifically to Jewish citizens on the grounds that their parties or candidates would advance the causes of the Jewish community. We regret deeply the introduction of Jewish communal questions into the controversies of political elections. The Canadian Jewish Congress is of the opinion that Jewish citizens of this community participate in municipal, provincial and national elections as citizens of Canada, sharing with citizens of all other faiths and origins a common interest in the proper and efficient administration of our country's affairs."

In Regina, Prime Minister St. Laurent spoke to an au-



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LORD SALISBURY: Presenting the British case *(Page 7)*

The magic mantle of *Color* glorifies

Chevrolet

... inside and out !

Chevrolet radiates beauty in every graceful line, thanks to the biggest, brightest palette of colors in all its years of history. Think of it! . . . 22 exterior colors and color combinations to choose from in the sixteen great new models! And every one is matched in wondrous brilliance by color-keyed interiors, designed to accentuate Chevrolet's beauty — interiors magnificent in the completeness of their color detailing. Yes, Chevrolet is alive with colors that glorify its greatness, and rich with a luxury that you'll want to bask in. Thrill to the magic splendor of color styling, the matchless ease of a Chevrolet ride. See and drive the new Chevrolet soon!

Illustrated — The Beautiful Bel Air Sport Coupe

A General Motors Value

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lience made up of people who had een demanding that the Federal Government provide substantial assistance for the generating of electric power and the irrigation of a arge, arid area by means of a dam on the South Saskatchewan River. Mr. St. Laurent told them he would not sanction the expenditure of public unds on the project unless he was convinced that it was in the national, not sectional, interest to do so.

Appeals to racial groups and sectional interests are not confined to Canadian politics, of course. Indeed, n many countries, which have much ess difficult problems of geography nd unification than Canada's, these ppeals have resulted in the formation f all sorts of political parties, and hese so divide the electorate that overnment becomes little more than n exercise in political jugglery. Canda, fortunately, has not been greatly roubled in this manner, but our politicians have been assiduous in their ttempts to gain the support of particular groups or areas, and, considering the great diversity of the country, hey are not likely to be discouraged or some time yet.

Still, if Canada is to be a nation and ot a loose congregation of races, ities, fields and forests, there must e an honest effort made, from time o time, to destroy the divisions of ace and fit the regions into one map f living. The statements of the Jewish Congress and Mr. St. Laurent were, ve believe, such efforts. The declaraion by the Congress could have been sed by many other groups, with the hange of only the racial designation. t took political courage to say what Mr. St. Laurent did at Regina; one an not doubt that, even when doubting the wisdom of his reluctance to ive Federal help to the Saskatchewan roject. And though he may not have ntended it, he did more than show onesty at Regina; he gave some nourshment to the young idea that the alue of all great projects upon which ederal funds are to be spent should e estimated in the currency of naonal interest.

Theories of Speech

A CORRESPONDENT of the Ottawa *Citizen* has come up with the heory that the purity of spoken nguage is maintained by the counterction of slurred vowels and slurred onsonants. The people who elimine vowels are cancelled out by those ho cannot stomach consonants, and ecent speech is protected by a sort f natural law of checks and balances. hus for every person who says Fedrl Gvmnt" there is one who says Fehal Guhvmuhd", and the crossreeding of the two may produce Federal Government."

It is an ingenious argument, but we ill stick to the theory that there is direct link between speech and diet -that how the words come out of the outh depends largely on what food oes in. Where people have a liking or molasses, for instance, the cononants lose ground; it is impossible roll an "r" or spit a "t" with a outh cloyed by syrup. Jaws tightned by tough meats do not yield asily to the exercise of vowels, which

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make their way past clenched teeth only with the greatest difficulty. People who overcome their dietary obstacles and give full value to their words are examples of man's ability to master his environment.

Songs and Scores

WE MET Miss Ann Ronell when she was on her way to attend the Shakespeare Festival at Stratford, Ontario, and it gave us the opportunity of learning something about the song-writing business. Miss Ronell has produced such ditties as *Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf, Rain on the Roof* and *Willow Weep for Me*, has arranged the scores for several Broadway musicals, is the only woman composing background music for moving for films. "We feel disheartened occasionally because so few people notice the background music," she said. "Actually, the music fulfils a definite purpose, because in its right place it can carry the story farther and faster than dialogue does. For instance, there's a scene in my latest film, *Main Street to Broadway*, where the producer—he's my husband, Lester Cowan—decided that the progress of the love affair could be shown more effectively with a song. I wrote the song one Monday, when Herb Shriner was in town between TV shows, and he sang and recorded it on Tuesday. Sometimes I have to work to even tighter deadlines than that, because invariably the musical score has to be mapped out before anything else. Then writing actual songs is a whole

ANN RONELL, with conductor Jean Arnaud.

vies, and recently formed her own music publishing company.

"I was still in high school when I had my first success as a song-writer," she said. "I had two songs published, *Baby's Birthday Party* and *Candy Parade*. Walt Disney heard them, thought they were the light-hearted sort of thing suited to a cartoon, and hired me. That led to the *Big Bad Wolf* tune."

She hummed a few notes, beating time on her knee. "That's from a march called *The Woman Behind the Man Behind the Gun,*" she explained. "It's a rather odd title, but it was taken from the last line of the song and seemed to catch on. I've done one or two marches. One, the *Ernie Pyle March*, was adopted by the Army Ground Forces at the end of the war. People seem to think it strange that a woman should write marches, but I don't see why they should—think it strange, I mean."

We questioned her about composlot different from just the continuity music. Take Richard Rodgers. He often writes all the big numbers in a movie, but there still has to be somebody doing the over-all musical score as well. He and Oscar Hammerstein are both in this *Main Street* picture, and it has been one of the most enjoyable jobs I've done. I've tried all sorts of experiments, such as using typewriters as part of the orchestra."

When we left, she was humming another tune, again beating time on her knee.

Reliable but Ubiquitous

PEOPLE who read the newspapers have become accustomed to taking the word of shadowy figures who are known only as an Authority who could not be further identified, a Hitherto Reliable Source, and a Spokesman in Close Touch. But in the palpitating reports from Britain on the romantic life of Princess Margaret, a new character has appeared. He is an "authority who has never been wrong." Welcome, stranger, to the land of ghosts.

Incidentally, those same reports have left us with an uneasy feeling that Buckingham Palace is infested with spies from Fleet Street. Do the very closets conceal takers of notes, peekers over shoulders, and readers of mail? Were there the Proper Authorities eavesdropping when she talked with the Queen, steaming open those letters to Brussels and tapping the telephone wires? We think the Home Secretary should look into this underground activity going on in the Palace.

The Good Old Spirit

IN THE LAST few years, sweetness and light have permeated the publicity and advertising put out by the people who look after public relations and the obtaining of recruits for the Army. Health, a fair amount of wealth (including a pension at 45), training in a trade, plenty of time off, free clothing, the comforts of home without the responsibilities, and many more benefits are offered — almost everything, indeed, but the messy prospect of fighting a war. We had feared that the vinegar was running out of the Army, but we have been reassured by a message from one of our men on the West Coast. His story is that a Vancouver reporter, who was sent to get the details of a serious fire in a military camp in British Columbia, was detained by camp authorities long enough to miss his paper's deadline. When he complained to the colonel in charge of the camp, the officer's reported reply was, "I don't know anything about the operations of a newspaper, and couldn't care less." That's the old pepper, colonel, and to hell with public relations.

The Rights of Everyone

WHEN STRIKING truck drivers in Ontario began blocking highways to keep other truck drivers from delivering their loads, Premier Leslie Frost ordered them to stop. He pointed out that the police were the only people who had authority to interfere with highway traffic. The national leader of the CCF, M. J. Coldwell, who happened to be electioneering in Southern Ontario at the time, took strong objection to Mr. Frost's order, and was quoted as saying, "I think use of police at any time in a strike is regrettable, and certainly the interference of a government with picketing is a breach of normal labor rights."

Mr. Coldwell's statement is incomplete; it implies that men who are on strike have some special rights which they do not possess when they are not on strike. But Mr. Coldwell does not tell us what these rights are.

In the case of the truck drivers, vehicles were being stopped (occasionally with violence) and traffic hazards created at a time when Ontario roads must carry their heaviest traffic—one of the densest concentrations on the continent, in the area affected by the strike. On these same highways last year, over a thousand people were killed and many thousands

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more injured. We believe Mr. Frost had no choice but to act as he did to clear the traffic lanes. And in addition to the factor of safety, there was one of violence; there were cases of non-striking drivers being manhandled and their vehicles tampered with. Thus there are many rights involved, all of them protected by law: the right of a worker to strike and to picket, the right of another worker to go about his business without fear of violence, the right of a motorist to use the highways with the highest degree of personal safety, and the right of any owner to have his property protected. Mr. Coldwell's statement implies that the rights of the striker must take precedence over all others—a theory which would destroy the principle of equality before the law.

Either the laws that exist to protect these various rights must be enforced, or if they are bad laws, they must be changed; they cannot be applied in some cases and not in others. Wilful destruction of property, for example, is against the law, and it is the job of police to try to prevent vandalism or arrest those who have committed it. Are we to consider such damage excusable if it is done by strikers? And does management or the non-striker at any time forfeit the right to protection by police? Creation of such preferences would be the end of justice, of course, and yet that is the only logical conclusion to any argument which begins with a flat declaration that "interference of a government with picketing is a breach of normal labor rights."

Tigers and Tapirs

AFTER READING in the newspapers that Dr. William Appelhof had swabbed the mouth of a tiger every day for five months, we hurried down to the convention of the American Veterinary Medical Association, which he was attending. Anyone with the fortitude to go exploring the mouth of a tiger, we thought, should be a man worth knowing. There were 2,500 veterinary doctors in Toronto for the convention, but finding Dr. Appelhof was easy; his name was put on a "wanted" board, which was televised and projected on screens throughout the parts of the Royal York Hotel being used by the convention. While this was being done, we spent a profitable few minutes with a pile of press releases which told us how to cure staggering, hiccuping pigs (you treat them with magnesium sulphate), how to ship sheep properly, and how to keep up the milk production of cows during hot weather. Unfortunately, we found nothing to instruct us on how to keep up our own production during hot weather.

When Dr. Appelhof arrived, we hastened to ask him about the tiger. "It was only a Siberian tiger," he said. "They're relatively docile. Besides, Sheba—that's the tiger's name—is a great favorite at the Zoo." He looks after the health of all the residents of the reptile, mammal and bird houses at the Detroit Zoo and Belle Isle Zoo, on the Detroit River.

"I got the job nine years ago, when I was 27," he said. "I've treated all kinds of animals since then. It's extremely interesting, and if you're careful, not dangerous. You should never take chances with any animal. Take peccaries, for example. They're a sort of wild pig, small and seemingly quite harmless. But they have a nasty habit of ganging up on you, and making a mass attack. People think that because an ant-eater hasn't any teeth, it's harmless, but it's got strong claws and does not hesitate to use them.

"People ask me about lions. My stock answer is that lions need very little handling, because they are among the healthiest animals alive. One of my favorites is the South American tapir. He isn't much to look at, being a curious combination, as if bits of several other animals had been used in making him, but the tapirs are amazingly kind-hearted creatures who never use their teeth on human beings —never on me, at any rate. But that doesn't mean you can be careless with any of them. There have been dozens of cases of pet deer suddenly lashing with their front hooves and injuring their keepers."

Dr. Appelhof lives next door to the Detroit Zoo. The only animals in his house are two kittens, which belong to his daughters Andrea and Marlene.

The Forgotten Genius

THE SOVIET War Ministry has published a pamphlet telling how a forgotten Russian named Mozhaiski invented the airplane. Back in 1880, 23 years before the Wright brothers got off the ground at Kitty Hawk, NC, Mozhaiski soared aloft in a huge kite attached by lengths of rope to three horses. Quickly realizing that a three-horsepower kite was not a practical gadget, and that horses were only a fad anyway, he set about planning a plane with built-in motive power. Within a year, says the pamphlet, Mr. M. applied for a patent on a machine that "embodied all the basic features of a contemporary monoplane," and then set about building a steam-driven engine in which the steam was used twice—thus inventing a compound aero-engine, something that is still in the experimental stage in Western laboratories. But the Czar did not like Mr. M.'s flying machine, possibly because it made too much noise, and had it destroyed. Mozhaiski disappeared, in the traditional Russian manner, and the details of his exploits were forgotten, until they were unearthed recently in the files of a museum in Leningrad.

When we read about all this, we had a feeling that there was something wrong with the story told by the Soviet War Ministry. Then we discovered the flaw. There may have been a man named Mozhaiski who was the greatest mechanical genius of all time, but if he left records, they would not be found in anybody's files. If the Ministry had discovered the data behind an old picture frame or wadded into a chest-of-drawers put up for auction, it would be believable, but the only likely relic of Mr. M. in any filing cabinet would be the remains of a forgotten box lunch.

Mr. Truman in the News

WE HAVE BEEN following with keen interest the post-presidential career of Harry S. Truman, and we have been more and more impressed with his remarkable faculty for getting into the papers in a folksy sort of way. On a recent trip to New York, for example, he forgot to turn in the key when he checked out of his hotel; later he mailed the key, with a graceful note of apology. Then, driving out of the city, he had to ask a pedestrian how to get into the Holland Tunnel. On the Pennsylvania Turnpike, a state trooper who warned

HARRY TRUMAN: Having fun.

him about his driving said that Mr. Truman "was very nice about it and promised to be more careful."

Almost every week produces a report on what Mr. Truman has said or done, and invariably it gives more detail to the picture of him as a pretty friendly fellow, who hasn't got too big for his britches because he is a Champ who retired undefeated. We do not think this is deliberate press-agentry on Mr. Truman's part, but the result of the fun he is having not being president. And the fact that he can go about the country, enjoying himself, without a retinue of guards, spies and secret police, makes a good story in itself, these days.

Supports and Substitutes

BACK OF THE recent decision by the United States to make it more difficult for Canadian dairy producers to sell their products to Americans is the effort by the U.S. administration to lessen some of the load imposed by the price support program it inherited from the Democrats. And therein lies a lesson for Canada.

The Commodity Credit Corporation, an agency of the Government, buys agricultural surpluses at so-called parity prices, to prevent farm prices from sagging during periods of over-production. Such commodities as corn, wheat, beans, cheese, butter and dried milk have been bought in such quantities that storage is a constant problem.

Recently the United States Army announced that it was going to use butter next year "as a substitute for margarine." The CCC, which has 128 million pounds of butter on its hands, discovered that the Army was using 37 million pounds of butter a year, and 34 million pounds of margarine. Switching the Army to an all-butter diet does not do much to solve the CCC's problem, however; it must also support the price of cotton-seed oil, from which margarine is made in the United States—and it has 635 million pounds of this commodity tucked away in its warehouses. So now it must think up some device to help get rid of the oil. Possibly the Army could be persuaded to use it on equipment.

That is what happens when a government starts meddling in a big way with supply and demand. And that is why Canadian producers are finding their way to the American market blocked by government decrees.

Beauty Contests

THERE HAS BEEN so much rough comment recently on beauty contests that we fear for the future of this form of summer amusement. Possibly that is what is wrong with the custom of selecting Miss whatever-you-call her—the contest is held during the hot weather, when the offices, sidewalks and beaches are full of lightly clad, lovely young women; there is a surfeit of beauty. There would be much more male interest, at least, if these events were held during the cold months of blue noses and muffled figures.

The main controversy has raged around the Miss Canada contest which drew 15 acceptable entries this year. The contestants came from British Columbia, Manitoba, Ontario and Newfoundland; Alberta, Saskatchewan, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island were not represented. Obviously, the winner of such an event is not properly Miss Canada, or even Miss Western, Central or Eastern Canada, and some other title should be devised—possibly Miss Traffic Safety, if the competition is to have some worthy purpose, or Miss Highland Fling, if it is to be a test of talent.

It would be a pity, however, if the criticism killed the beauty pageants. Something would go out of our civilization if there were no Miss Green Pepper or Miss Forged Coupling to decorate our newspapers from time to time.

An Error in Names

THE HEAT of a humid city finally got us last week. At least, that seems to be the only reasonable explanation of why we persisted in calling Frederick J. Finlay, Secretary of the Bank of Nova Scotia, "Frederick Foster" throughout what we had to say about him and his appointment as Chief Executive Commissioner of Canada's Boy Scouts. Our apologies go to Mr. Finlay for mis-naming him, and to our readers for misleading them.

Letters

...nadian Reading

REGARDING the "Freedom to Read" ...ly 18) . . . Yes, people in England ...d. I do not feel that the evidence ...ven by Canadians in the smaller ...wns would prove your point. . . I ...ve spent the last 20 years in the ...S.A., in the north-west, south-west, ...ntral and eastern states. I saw more ...od use of libraries there than I can ...serve in my own native Canada. ...am sorry, but in an area promoting ...ck-car racing, dog racing, horse ...cing and cock fights, reading is not ... evidence. Citizenship is granted in ...ve years to many persons who can ...arcely use our native language. I ...el that Canadian libraries are falling ...wn in their lack of service, and that ...itizenship should not be given in less ...an seven years and only to persons ...ho can demonstrate ability to use the ...nglish language.

LURENE M. PROUSE

...illsonburg, Ont.

...ull but Clean

PEOPLE have been calling this a ...ll election. I say it is better so. ...he "lively" elections occur when can...idates use abuse and insult instead ...f reason and decency.

I have lived long enough to recall ...lections when the whole strategy of ...ampaign was based on destruction of ...e character of opponents. Some ...eople may look back with nostalgia ...o those "good old days"; they may ...lk about the vigorous, exciting elec...ons of the past. Let them do so; it is ...etter that memories be kind. For my...elf, I prefer this kind of an election. ...is true that there have been occa...onal attempts at mud-slinging, but ...ey have not been common, and the ...andidates of all parties have, in the ...ain, confined their attacks to ideas ...nd policies.

It has been argued that fewer ...eople vote when an election cam...aign is not full of fire and brimstone, ...nd this may be true. But if they must ...ave scandal and dirt to interest them ...n voting, then they do not deserve ...eir political freedom, and the coun...y is probably better off for their ...ailure to go to the polls and give ...eir support to the best mud-slinger.

...oose Jaw, Sask. HAROLD FINDLAY

...he Changing Mummy

MAY I RETURN to that old chest...ut, the mummy that changed its ...ex? According to the story in your ...aper I said that this mummy ...had been wrongly identified owing ...o an error in cataloguing, but that ...he mistake had been spotted about ... year ago." Actually this mistake ...ad been "spotted" more than ten ...ears ago. The mummy and its coffin ...ave been labelled as those of a man ...ince 1948, when all our mummies ...nd coffins were systematically stud...ed, catalogued and labelled for the ...irst time. The mummy is also cor...ectly described in our picture book *...gyptian Mummies*, which was pub...shed in 1950 and which is for sale ...t the front desk of the Museum. The ...revious attribution was probably ...ade by a Cairo dealer before the ...ummy crossed the Atlantic more ...an sixty years ago.

The greater part of our large Egyptian collection was rapidly acquired in the early days of the Museum's existence, when there was no staff to cope with the long task of systematic classification and identification. This work, now practically complete, has taken 13 years. Specialists in most other large Egyptian collections of the world have been faced with the same problem and have not been able to solve it any faster. By studying our Egyptian objects in the light of modern archaeological knowledge we have made it possible for our visitors to understand and enjoy them, and to obtain, if they wish, evidence for our statements about them. The re-labelling of the mummy was therefore not a casual correction but a part of the basic work of setting the collection in order.

Toronto WINIFRED NEEDLER,
Curator of the Near Eastern Department, Royal Ontario Museum of Archaeology.

Use of Guns

ACTION should be taken to prohibit the sale of air rifles altogether, and to prohibit the use of other weapons by anyone under the age of 21. Time and again we read of children being badly injured (such as losing their eyesight) by pellets from air rifles, and of people being killed by bullets from .22 rifles in the hands of adolescents. But this is not all the damage they do. Valuable birds are killed and property destroyed or damaged — windows broken, signs perforated, and so on.

If parents think their boys should learn how to handle guns, they should give some thought to the benefits of military service. If a year or so of military training were given every healthy youngster in his late teens, not only would guns be handled with a great deal more care and skill, but young men would have a much improved (and much needed) sense of discipline . . .

Windsor, Ont. RALPH A. JACKSON

Medical Fees

MANY DOCTORS and dentists have uniform fees, but often one runs across professional men of this kind who charge a great deal more than their colleagues for the same work. This occurs, I believe, among those who are known as "fashionable" doctors and dentists. Costs also vary between hospitals.

I realize that price-fixing is in very bad odor now, but I see no reason why there should be any great spread between what different doctors and hospitals charge for fairly simple, routine operations or examinations. It is possible that one doctor is more skilful than another, but it does not follow that the one who charges more is a better doctor than the one who charges less. The same applies to dentists.

It may be that we pay for a more graceful twist of the wrist in putting in the final stitch, or more drama in the initial incision. Unfortunately, the patient can not appreciate these fine points. All he knows is what his pocketbook tells him.

Regina GERRY HALVORSEN

Socialist View

REGARDING the Front Page of your July 25th issue. If 5 per cent of our gross product were stopped at least 3 per cent of the working force now employed would lose their positions and hence most of their purchasing power. This in turn would affect 2 per cent, at least, of the other 95 per cent, and from there, it snowballs, throwing out of gear the economy as a whole within, at the most two years or so.

This is highly unnecessary but then, of course, much needless grief is caused by unmitigated capitalism.

As a CCF-er, a student of political science and economics, and a Christian, may I say with Lister Sinclair, that "I prefer sensible co-operation to senseless collision."

Mimico, Ont. M. GERALD HUNTLEY

No End to War

I CAN NOT understand why there is so much fuss about a truce in Korea. Does anyone imagine that an armistice, more or less along the 38th Parallel, is going to end all our troubles in the Far East? Is anyone so naive as to think that the Chinese really are going to evacuate North Korea, or that the Communists are not going to rebuild the North Korean Army? Or that Mao will not keep pushing here and prodding there in an effort to grab all of East Asia, from Malaya to the Sea of Japan?

A truce will settle nothing, really. We will not be able to pull all our troops out of Korea, unless we are prepared to go through another "police action." If anything, we will need more forces in Japan and adjacent areas, to be better prepared against the next moves of Mao . . .

Montreal J. P. GENEST

The Difficult Way

IN YOUR FRONT PAGE article entitled 'Amending a Mistake' you write that "to condemn a man or a woman to a lifetime of censure for once choosing the wrong partner in marriage is bigoted, cruel and, in fact, immoral." Unless I am much mistaken your article seems to imply that the Church is guilty of bigotry in her attitude towards divorce. Perhaps in the eyes of the world this is so; for however much the Church may sympathize with those who have chosen a distasteful partner she cannot go beyond the express words of Our Lord Himself as they are recorded in St. Matthew's Gospel, Ch. 19: verse 9; therefore, in this case, to accuse the Church of bigotry is to accuse our Lord of the same crime.

In considering this verse it should be remembered that what Our Lord forbids is not separation (though undoubtedly he would not encourage even that) but re-marriage after divorce. Those who take the trouble to read on from verse 9 will find that our Lord's disciples were amazed and distressed at his words. He Himself recognized that they are exceedingly difficult. "All men," he said, "cannot receive this saying, but they to whom it is given." The saying is intended for those who wholeheartedly follow our Lord's way of life—not merely nominal Christians who accept our semi-pagan civilization as though it were Christian in truth and criticize it accordingly.

Undoubtedly the Christian way of life is a difficult one, but if it is followed there is no possibility of divorce between two persons who really accept it, and with it accept the responsibility for the Christian training of the children resulting from the marriage.

Guelph, Ont. ANGUS HUNT

Of Many Things

JUST FOR THE RECORD, the book by William Arthur Deacon, mentioned by Robertson Davies to illustrate his theme of Light-Hearted Scholarship, is not *Four Georges*, but *The Four Jameses*—and great, good fun it is, too. Prowling around a second-hand bookshop two years ago I was fortunate enough to dig out a copy.

There is a book, however, titled *The Four Georges*, by the late W. M. Thackeray . . .

Toronto VERNAL HOUSE

COULD I have another few lines of your space to correct your identification of me (Letters, July 25 issue) as president of the Canadian Authors Association? I am one of five vice-presidents. The president is Paul Kuhring of Montreal.

Omemee, Ont. SCOTT YOUNG

THE ARTICLE on Minority Rights (Lister Sinclair, July 11) . . . is most satisfactory. I think the position . . . is precisely the right one . . .

That same argument needs to be repeated every now and then, by different persons, and probably in varying expressions, so that it may become, so to speak, "standard doctrine," which opponents would realise was not to be attacked or violated with impunity . . .

Chester, NS WINTHROP BELL

THE THINKING of the world has changed from national to international. This challenges our political leaders to plan with vision. Will Canada lead?

Symbols and traditions must mirror the age we live in. The lion and the sword, the military and the naval displays, the flashing bayonets and the crashing gun salutes must give place to new symbols . . .

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Different Approaches in Foreign Policy

By MAX FREEDMAN

SOME MANY YEARS AGO Dr. Johnson remarked, "It is wonderful with how little real superiority of mind a man can make an eminent figure in public life." With the discordant echoes of the election campaign still fresh in their minds, most Canadians will need little reminder of that mournful truth. In the world of diplomacy, also, hollow men are often given the elements of greatness. Their office sanctifies their dullness, and since they are never exposed until they have committed more than the usual quota of blunders, they often enjoy a reputation for wisdom quite unjustified by their limited gifts. It is a mark of honor, therefore, to record the fact that the Marquis of Salisbury, while acting as Great Britain's Foreign Secretary during Mr. Eden's illness, impressed Washington as few visitors in recent years have done.

He came to the Foreign Ministers' Conference with certain assets which counted heavily for grace in American opinion. Americans with a sense of history remembered that he had resigned, as Mr. Eden had, in protest against Mr. Chamberlain's policy of appeasement. They also remembered that he had opposed the Labor Government's recognition of Communist China on the grounds that it was premature and would raise unnecessary problems between London and Washington. Bearing a name famous in England's story from the age of the first Elizabeth, Lord Salisbury came to Washington as the exemplar of a kind of diplomacy not often heard in our time. He sought no personal triumph; perhaps that is why he received so many laurels.

No one, of course, expected the conference to begin a new era in world affairs. It was an interim meeting, with the shadow of Churchill's weariness thick upon it. Its results must be measured against the slow unfolding of European history; for the conference paid more attention to Europe than to Asia. More important than its decisions—even the decision to invite Mr. Molotov to attend a Four Power Conference—was the occasion provided by the conference for a general exchange of views. What are some of the differences in American and British policy?

As he faced Mr. Dulles across the conference table, Lord Salisbury may have thought how much easier it is to be Britain's Foreign Minister than America's Secretary of State. The spokesman for Britain can commit his country to a definite policy with the knowledge that Parliament and the country will support him. Rare indeed are the occasions when a British government is in danger of being overthrown on an issue of foreign policy. Mr. Dulles, however, is often the prisoner or the echo of Congress. He may want to take the long view but he must often come to terms with a committee eager for quick results. Sometimes, it is true, a bolder policy would win the consent of Congress, for that body, as its voting record in recent years abundantly proves, is by no means blind to the national interest. But its actions are unpredictable and sometimes, as in its inexcusable treatment of Mr. Acheson, it can be governed by spleen and prejudice. Many men might wish to be Britain's Foreign Secretary; but to be Secretary of State is only another way of arranging a delayed date with an angry Congressional committee.

This division of powers makes it very difficult to negotiate with the American Government. Indeed, there really is no government in the Canadian or British sense. When Canada delivers a protest in Washington against American trade policy, the note is delivered at the State Department, but it actually is addressed to Congress. Officials in the State Department usually agree with Canada's complaint; but they too must endure the whips and scorns of Congressional opinion. Similarly, when Britain seeks a closer partnership in the development of atomic energy, the barriers are raised not by the White House but by Congress. The Secretary of State has responsibility without ultimate power.

The practical results, on the other hand, of Congress having power without ultimate responsibility can be very serious. They can be illustrated by four separate issues.

Congress has never been able to understand that the forces which swept Chiang Kai-shek into exile on Formosa and gave the Communists control of China are the product of a long series of events whose roots are deeply entwined with Chinese history. It has been so much easier to blame the Democrats for what went wrong. As a result, China's problems have been debated in Washington in a fierce partisan spirit totally unknown to London or Ottawa.

The British Government must also be disturbed by the emergence of Communist China as a major power. It has never believed, however, in running its foreign policy on the principles of a popularity contest. So it recognized Communist China; it wants to trade with China, though not in strategic materials while the ban on these items remains in force; and it believes in encouraging friendly relations with China so that the Peiping Government will no longer be wholly dependent upon Russia as its chief defender at the United Nations. On all these points there is stubborn, almost fanatical, opposition in Washington; nor is there any sign of a new temper.

The Washington conference failed to remove these differences. Instead, it decided on a purely negative policy. It agreed that Britain, France and the United States should continue their present policies so long as no open antagonism resulted from these divergent attitudes to the Far East. The restoration of peace in Korea will compel a new debate on this question. Thus far President Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles have offered no proof that they have drawn the sting of popular prejudice on these issues. Feelings are still raw and querulous; the truth is rarely pursued and never overtaken; the debate will probably be as strenuous and as sterile as in the last stages of the Truman-Acheson Administration.

"Every nation," said Emerson, "believes that the Divine Providence has a sneaking kindness for it." Opinion in Washington sometimes encourages the belief that this country has been commissioned by heaven to lecture the universe. It lectures China because it has dared to accept the doctrines of Communism. It lectures Europe because it has made such slow progress in organizing the European Defence Community.

Here again there are differences between the British and the American approach. The British seem to have a greater self-restraint, a greater respect for the right of Western Europe to shape its own destiny. No British unit will form part of the European Army: the memory of that fact serves to check any impatient rebuke which rises to British lips at the sight of Europe's reluctance to organize a common defence system. The United States will also be outside the European Army but its capacity for reading moral lectures to Western Europe, and adding the threat of reduced foreign aid to its warning, has in no way been diminished.

IN LONDON there is a much stronger appreciation of France's role in Europe than one usually hears expressed in Washington. The State Department and Congress have been so eager to get Germany's military strength organized as part of the defence of the West that they have ignored, or underestimated, the latent fear of Germany which still persists. Lord Salisbury and Georges Bidault are aware, as Mr. Dulles never is, that the formation of a European Defence Community may mean the division of Germany and the division of Western Europe for as long as anyone can now foretell. That is why the British and French Ministers were so eager at the Washington meeting to have another conference with Russia before proceeding to organize the European Army. American opinion regards the European Defence Community as a political ideal. British and French opinion believes it may be no more than a practical necessity.

For myself, I believe the American approach towards Europe is almost as correct as its policy towards China is wrong. But I wish the United States would stop lecturing France as if the French people were a group of ill-organized pensioners from Oklahoma.

Ever since the Palestine war, it has become clear to many people in the State Department that the policy of offering advice while refusing to accept any direct responsibility for affairs in the Middle East was a bankrupt policy. The recent trip which Mr. Dulles made to the Middle East at least served the useful purpose of showing him that the problems in that area are far more complicated than the slogans which are so popular in

Wide World

President Eisenhower (left) shares a joke with U.S. State Secretary Dulles, France's Georges Bidault and Britain's Lord Salisbury.

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In the present mood of Congress, it does more harm than good to discuss American policy except in the precise terms of American interest. Noble chatter about America's duty to the free world merely irritates, when it does not actually alienate. In these economic matters, a less exalted tone —and a less confident parade of self-righteousness in both Ottawa and London—would be a welcome recognition of reality.

It is precisely because so many ugly dangers now darken the outlook for American trade policy that it is necessary to concentrate on the essensials, to shun the temptation of being hurried into premature or petulant protests, to avoid the mistake of regarding every passing symptom as a malignant disease. The issues, here, are important beyond measure; and the national decision will be in doubt for at least a year. Many powerful organizations are mustering their strength and influence across the nation to help the State Department win its campaign for freer trade. Their task should not be made heavier by hasty and harsh criticism from abroad.

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American policy is frequently expressed in moral terms. That is often a necessary and salutary thing; yet moral judgments divorced from knowledge can make one a pretty bad neighbor. As America's power continues to increase, it will become necessary for the United States to accept many compromises which it would wish, in the purity of its conscience, to reject. That has been the fate of all Great Powers and America too must stand in that tradition. A cool assessment of national interest, fortified by a knowledge of the almost unique achievements of American history, can alone provide the constructive framework within which American policy can operate with distinction to itself and with advantage to the world. Behind the ugly façade of Washington's political rivalries, which often obscure the realities of America, that noble diplomatic tradition is even now in the making.

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As the train pulled through the yards, I walked to the door and looked out. My former buddy was huddled in his windbreaker beneath the water tower, looking as cold and hungry as he had been when we came in on the tops. I waved to him and smiled, but he ignored me. He was a good guy though, and I hope that today his taxi is a Cadillac. I knew that the only money he had had was a dollar and a half, and the bag of food he had bought the family must have cost every penny of it.

As our plane circled to land at the forestry station in Gogama I looked out over the town without recognizing it. Later in the evening, we walked down to the main street, and something about it struck a familiar chord, but I couldn't think what it was. We were in the company of Jim Taylor, the District Forester, and everyone nodded to the visiting VIP's who had flown in from Toronto. I began to feel very important, until I suddenly remembered what it was about the town that brought back a vagrant memory. During the Depression I had stopped off there and lined up for Government soup tickets, which were good for a bowl of stew and all the bread and ketchup you could eat, at the local Chinese restaurant. There's nothing to beat a recollection like that to bring you back to earth.

The tall smokestacks of the International Nickel mill in Copper Cliff send their clouds of sulphurous smoke into the sky below Sudbury, and in the warm sunshine of a summer day the city looks prosperous and fat. During the depression years it was thin and out at the heels, and lines of men, both native and transient, stood around the corners or got their cards stamped at the "slave market", the Government Employment Office.

Twenty years ago the railroad divisional points, Chapleau, Capreol, Sioux Lookout, White River, and a score of others, were empty and forlorn-looking, with only one through freight a day both ways. The railroad men sat in front of the clapboard stores, wearing their high striped peaked caps as though this badge of their trade could bring the non-existent pay loads of freight back to the rusting yard sidings. They bucked the extra boards and rode the freights as boomers, looking for work. The extra gangs were besieged with applicants—for 30c an hour and solid cookhouse grub. And in the peeled-paint houses back of the yards the women locked their doors against the hordes of hoboes and wished they'd never left Montreal, Budapest, Glasgow or The 'Peg.

Today the big diesel freights roll through the diamonds and out of the yards, the houses are painted, and the oldest kids are going to college. The once drab main streets have as much neon and vitrolite as the main streets of any American town, and where once the conductor had an entire passenger coach to himself, he now has an assistant, and you have to book a week ahead to get an upper berth.

At one time the hoboes, literally, rode a thousand strong on freight trains going west from Winnipeg, and the Government placed Mounties at Transcona and Nipigon to whip them from the trains. That's all changed now; hoboes today are as few as they were plentiful in the old depression days, and the kids who rode the rods in '32 are now middle-aged men paying instalments on their cars and cottages in suburbia.

IN WINNIPEG we used to hang around beneath the CPR bridge, on the St. Boniface side, and wait for the passenger trains to come along above us. Some of the dining-car crews would toss parcels of left-over food down to the river bank, and we'd scramble for them like Shanghai coolies. It was in the St. Boniface jungles that I first met a kid called Red, who worked with me on the wheat harvest on the Assiniboine Line in Southern Saskatchewan.

Red was pretty independent, and we once quit a job because he kicked about the number of flies in the farmer's kitchen. The going wage for harvest hands that year was $1.00 a day for stooking and $1.50 for teamsters on the threshing crews, but Red always got us a little more.

He would never tell me where he came from, but I had an idea it was somewhere in the Maritimes. Wherever it was, he didn't want to go back, and the year I'm talking about he had an idea he would go to Niagara Falls and cross the border into the States. We hadn't made much money on the harvest, but we each had enough to buy our grub, which was a welcome change.

Red was a good singer, and I've never been able to listen to *The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi* since, without thinking of him. There were six or seven of us riding the catwalk on a tank-car somewhere east of Fort William one mild night, and Red was entertaining us with his songs. The car gave a lurch and threw two fellows, Red and a stranger, off to the right-of-way. Somebody ran back along the swaying box cars and reported it to the conductor who stopped the train and had it backed up to find them.

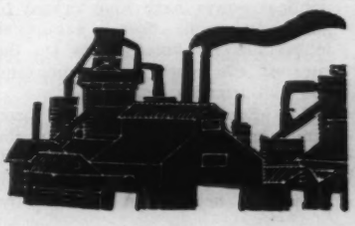
They found them both; the stranger had two broken arms, but Red had been chopped up under the wheels. They placed the fellow with the broken arms on a bunk in the caboose, and picked Red up in a bag and placed him on the back platform. When we reached the next divisional point the injured man was taken to hospital, and Red was taken to the morgue. We took the next train East.

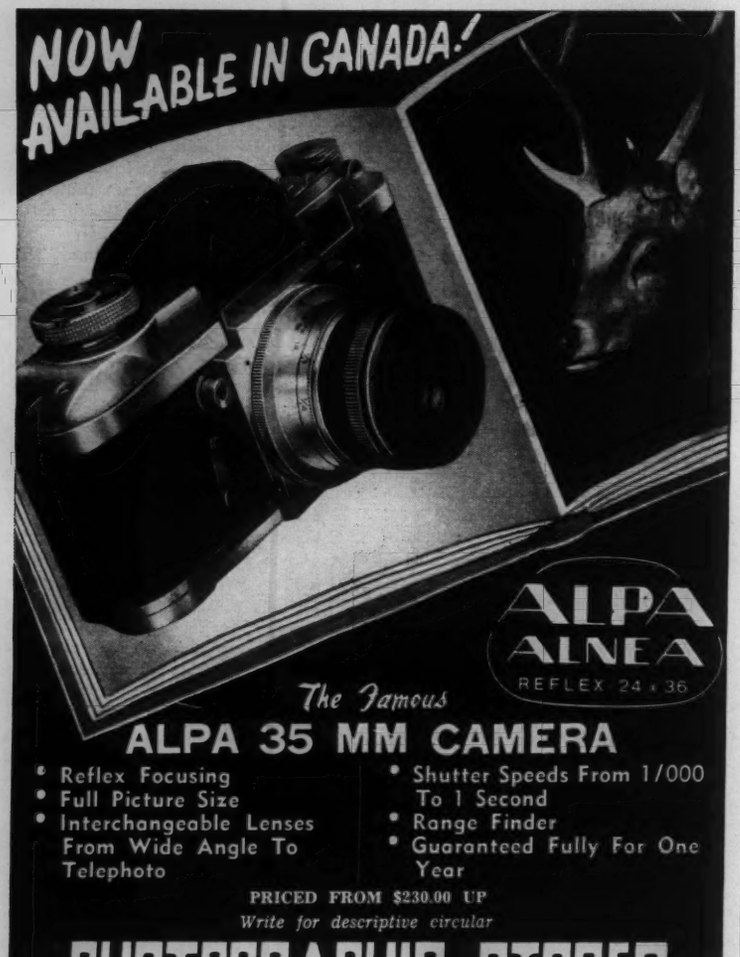
I THOUGHT of Red the other day as we flew back South through the vast and beautiful land that is the North. I thought of other guys too, and their women. I thought of the millionaires who live in Westmount and Rosedale, but who once followed the tortuous rivers, lakes and trails of a virgin country, toting their beans and bannock and armed with a rifle and a prospector's pick. I thought of all the *Canadiens* who had sawn and hewed its pulp and timber. I thought of the tough men from the British Isles and Europe who had mucked its ore, and brawled their way through its mining-town streets, and brought their women to it, and built its strong communities.

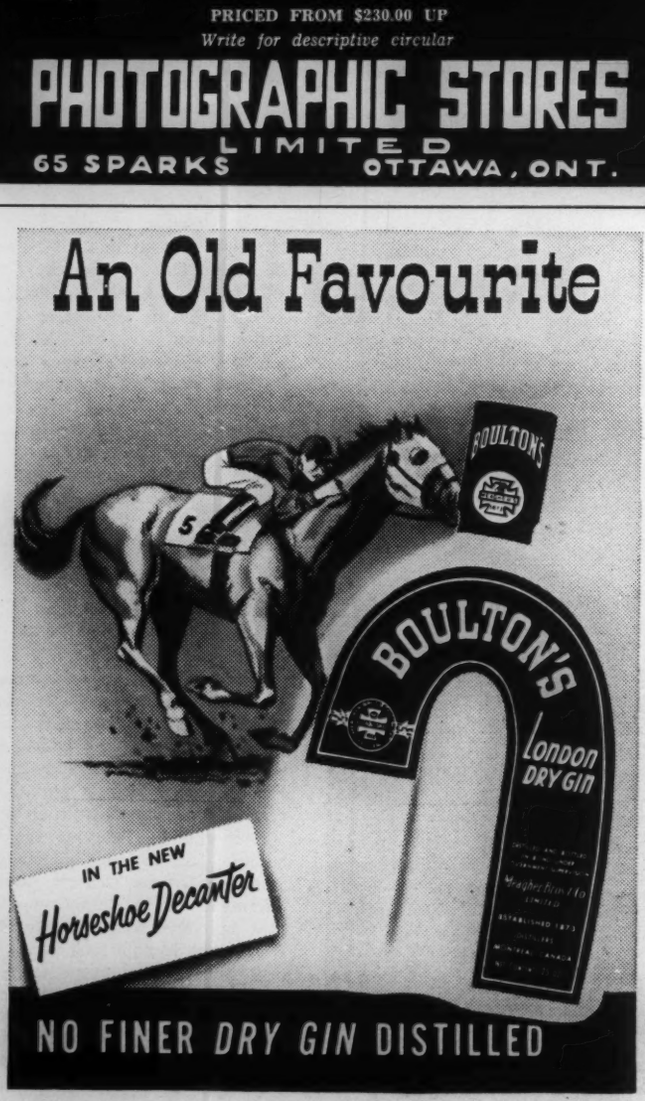
I thought of it as it is, virgin forest and white highway, pretty town and silver lake, moose yard and Indian village, Hudson's Bay post and Buick convertible, saw mill and reforestation farm, and I thought how good it is—and big.

And it's big enough for a thousand years, and big enough for us all; it's a land of big lakes and big trees and big people. And it was made by big people, guys like my ex-taxi driver friend and Red, and a million others I never knew, and a thousand others I've forgotten.

HUGH GARNER







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"Yep. Be seeing you sometime," he answered as he left me.

THE TRAIN was ready to leave, and I jumped up into the car containing the family. They were sitting against the wall eating ravenously from a large paper bag containing bread, bologna, several tins of food, and a couple of tins of milk. Beside them was a pail of water that hadn't been there before. The man offered me some of the food, but I indicated to him that I had eaten.

As the train pulled through the yards, I walked to the door and looked out. My former buddy was huddled in his windbreaker beneath the water tower, looking as cold and hungry as he had been when we came in on the tops. I waved to him and smiled, but he ignored me. He was a good guy though, and I hope that today his taxi is a Cadillac. I knew that the only money he had had was a dollar and a half, and the bag of food he had bought the family must have cost every penny of it.

As our plane circled to land at the forestry station in Gogama I looked out over the town without recognizing it. Later in the evening, we walked down to the main street, and something about it struck a familiar chord, but I couldn't think what it was. We were in the company of Jim Taylor, the District Forester, and everyone nodded to the visiting VIP's who had flown in from Toronto. I began to feel very important, until I suddenly remembered what it was about the town that brought back a vagrant memory. During the Depression I had stopped off there and lined up for Government soup tickets, which were good for a bowl of stew and all the bread and ketchup you could eat, at the local Chinese restaurant. There's nothing to beat a recollection like that to bring you back to earth.

The tall smokestacks of the International Nickel mill in Copper Cliff send their clouds of sulphurous smoke into the sky below Sudbury, and in the warm sunshine of a summer day the city looks prosperous and fat. During the depression years it was thin and out at the heels, and lines of men, both native and transient, stood around the corners or got their cards stamped at the "slave market", the Government Employment Office.

Twenty years ago the railroad divisional points, Chapleau, Capreol, Sioux Lookout, White River, and a score of others, were empty and forlorn-looking, with only one through freight a day both ways. The railroad men sat in front of the clapboard stores, wearing their high striped peaked caps as though this badge of their trade could bring the non-existent pay loads of freight back to the rusting yard sidings. They bucked the extra boards and rode the freights as boomers, looking for work. The extra gangs were besieged with applicants—for 30c an hour and solid cookhouse grub. And in the peeled-paint houses back of the yards the women locked their doors against the hordes of hoboes and wished they'd never left Montreal, Budapest, Glasgow or The 'Peg.

Today the big diesel freights roll through the diamonds and out of the yards, the houses are painted, and the oldest kids are going to college. The once drab main streets have as much neon and vitrolite as the main streets of any American town, and where once the conductor had an entire passenger coach to himself, he now has an assistant, and you have to book a week ahead to get an upper berth.

At one time the hoboes, literally, rode a thousand strong on freight trains going west from Winnipeg, and the Government placed Mounties at Transcona and Nipigon to whip them from the trains. That's all changed now; hoboes today are as few as they were plentiful in the old depression days, and the kids who rode the rods in '32 are now middle-aged men paying instalments on their cars and cottages in suburbia.

IN WINNIPEG we used to hang around beneath the CPR bridge, on the St. Boniface side, and wait for the passenger trains to come along above us. Some of the dining-car crews would toss parcels of left-over food down to the river bank, and we'd scramble for them like Shanghai coolies. It was in the St. Boniface jungles that I first met a kid called Red, who worked with me on the wheat harvest on the Assiniboine Line in Southern Saskatchewan.

Red was pretty independent, and we once quit a job because he kicked about the number of flies in the farmer's kitchen. The going wage for harvest hands that year was $1.00 a day for stooking and $1.50 for teamsters on the threshing crews, but Red always got us a little more.

He would never tell me where he came from, but I had an idea it was somewhere in the Maritimes. Wherever it was, he didn't want to go back, and the year I'm talking about he had an idea he would go to Niagara Falls and cross the border into the States. We hadn't made much money on the harvest, but we each had enough to buy our grub, which was a welcome change.

Red was a good singer, and I've never been able to listen to *The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi* since, without thinking of him. There were six or seven of us riding the catwalk on a tank-car somewhere east of Fort William one mild night, and Red was entertaining us with his songs. The car gave a lurch and threw two fellows, Red and a stranger, off to the right-of-way. Somebody ran back along the swaying box cars and reported it to the conductor who stopped the train and had it backed up to find them.

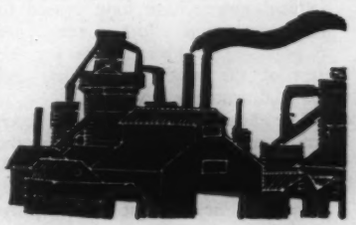
They found them both; the stranger had two broken arms, but Red had been chopped up under the wheels. They placed the fellow with the broken arms on a bunk in the caboose, and picked Red up in a bag and placed him on the back platform. When we reached the next divisional point the injured man was taken to hospital, and Red was taken to the morgue. We took the next train East.

I THOUGHT of Red the other day as we flew back South through the vast and beautiful land that is the North. I thought of other guys too, and their women. I thought of the millionaires who live in Westmount and Rosedale, but who once followed the tortuous rivers, lakes and trails of a virgin country, toting their beans and bannock and armed with a rifle and a prospector's pick. I thought of all the *Canadiens* who had sawn and hewed its pulp and timber. I thought of the tough men from the British Isles and Europe who had mucked its ore, and brawled their way through its mining-town streets, and brought their women to it, and built its strong communities.

I thought of it as it is, virgin forest and white highway, pretty town and silver lake, moose yard and Indian village, Hudson's Bay post and Buick convertible, saw mill and reforestation farm, and I thought how good it is—and big.

And it's big enough for a thousand years, and big enough for us all; it's a land of big lakes and big trees and big people. And it was made by big people, guys like my ex-taxi driver friend and Red, and a million others I never knew, and a thousand others I've forgotten.

HUGH GARNER



Ottawa Letter

Rough Ground for the Old Parties

VARIOUS PORTENTS indicate that after August 10, the wreaths required for the political graves of the Liberal and Conservative candidates in Alberta and British Columbia will be much more numerous than the bouquets of congratulatory flowers. In this, the most westerly and the fastest growing section of Canada, the Liberal party has so far managed to survive the competition of the CCF for the vote of the Left, but the emergence of another Rightist party, Social Credit, has been disastrous for the Conservatives, whose parliamentary representation and organization are feeble in both provinces. However, the Conservatives have the consolation of knowing that the Liberals, as the party in power against which grievances have accumulated, are today probably in worse odor with the western voters than they are.

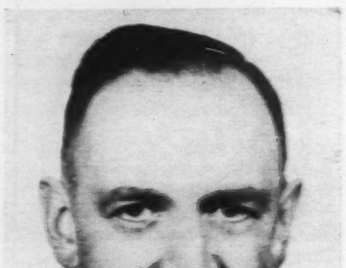
Today Alberta is a land flowing, not with milk and honey, but with oil, and its citizens wax eloquent about the tremendous future assured for their province when its subterranean sources of wealth are fully utilized. Edmonton and Calgary have each trebled their population since the day back in 1914 when Rupert Brooke recorded in his "Letters from America" how, during a journey by train between the two cities, a resident of each had boasted to him of their remarkable growth and snorted contemptuously at the record of his beloved Grantchester.

The oil industry naturally gets the chief credit for the well-diffused prosperity of the province, and whatever share is assigned to governmental policies accrues not to the St. Laurent Ministry, but to the Social Credit Ministry of Premier E. C. Manning. In its management of the oil developments in the province, it has shown wisdom and shrewdness; it has offered reasonably free scope to private enterprise but it has also exercised judicious supervision over its activities and has extracted from the oil fields substantial revenues which have enabled the Provincial Treasurer to keep his taxation down, ease the burdens of municipalities and reduce the public debt.

Even its critics admit that Premier Manning and his colleagues have given the province honest and efficient administration. Only sternly purist disciples of the late Major C. H. Douglas, the pioneer evangelist of the Social Credit faith, make ill-tempered complaints that the politicians who used that faith as a ladder to political power have long ceased to make any serious effort to administer in practice his prescriptions for the cure of the world's economic and financial troubles.

The Social Creditors have been firmly entrenched in control of the provincial government for nearly 20 years, and in the last House of Commons they held 9 out of the province's 16 seats, against 5 held by the Liberals and 2, both in Calgary, by the Conservatives. They are confident that they can hold all their present seats and make one or two gains, probably at the expense of the Liberals.

The latter are distinctly on the defensive. There is abundant local evidence of the validity of the opposition's charges about the wastefulness and extravagance of the Department of National Defence, and many of the farmers of Alberta are as little pleased as their brethren in Saskatchewan and Manitoba with the fruits, present and prospective, of the trade and agricultural policies of the St. Laurent Ministry. Nor did the Prime Minister in his recent western tour improve the prospects of his candidates when, in discussing Mr. Drew's pledge to cut taxation by $500 million, he reminded his audience in



GEORGE PRUDHAM, Minister of Mines. His "failings have not helped the Liberal party."

rather sneering terms how last year in an adjacent country another political party (the Republican) had pledged itself to a drastic reduction of taxes, but now found itself unable to abide by its pledge.

Mr. St. Laurent has always been rated a cautious politician, but it was surely impolitic for a Canadian Prime Minister to indulge himself in a gibe at the record of the dominant political party in the United States at a time when its protectionists are in full cry for stiff barriers against imports from Canada and, after achieving some ominous successes, are clamoring for a quota restriction upon oats, of which Alberta is a large producer. Moreover, the failings of Mines Minister Prudham have not helped the Liberal party, and he is having a hard fight to hold his seat in West Edmonton. The other Liberal member for Edmonton, A. F. Macdonald, being a trades unionist who gets labor support, is said to have a better chance of survival.

Calgary remained true to the memory of Lord Bennett by returning two Conservatives in 1949. While one of them, C. O. Nickle, victor in a by-election, is reckoned to be safe, his colleague, Col. D. S. Harkness, who has been an excellent member, has a much harder fight on his hands against strong Liberal and Social Credit candidates. But Mr. Drew has embarrassed Mr. Nickle, his party's expert upon oil problems who favors the export of oil and gas, and offended a section of the oil industry by singing a different song about oil and gas policy from that of Mr. Nickle, and pronouncing in favor of conserving Alberta's gas for an all-Canadian pipe line. The Conservatives can hardly hope for any gains in Alberta and the hopes of the CCF are even more slender.

FLUIDITY and confusion are the salient features of the political picture in British Columbia. The subdued interest of its voters in the present contest is probably due to a surfeit of politics, after two provincial elections within a year. Certainly enthusiasm for either of the two historic parties is at a low ebb, and their organizations have lost their former vigor. Apparently in the provincial area thousands of disgruntled Conservatives, feeling that they could trust a brother malcontent, W. A. C. Bennett, a prosperous hardware merchant of Penticton, not to embark upon any rash courses, have deserted to the Social Credit party which he leads and helped him at the second attempt to secure a working majority in the legislature.

Flushed with its success in the provincial elections, the Social Credit party has nominated candidates in practically every constituency, and claims that it can carry half of the province's 22 seats. The managers of the Conservative party believe or hope that numerous deserters from their party will decide before August 10 that, since the Social Credit party has not the slightest chance of forming a Government at Ottawa, they should give their votes to their old party, which has a much better prospect of power. If these hopes are realized, then the Social Creditors will find that their claims have been pitched too high.

Most of the Liberal candidates in the province are batting on what cricketers call a sticky pitch. It is true that during the postwar years, British Columbia has enjoyed a remarkable expansion of both its economy and population, and the number of huge new enterprises planned for developing its natural resources makes its future bright.

At the moment there are some troublesome flies in the ointment of prosperity. The salmon pack of 1953 promises to be one of the largest on record; the fruit crops in the Okanagan Valley and other districts are excellent; the wealth of the forests is far from exhausted. But the British market, which used to be the most profitable outlet for the products of three of the province's basic industries, now only absorbs small quantities of them; it has been hard to find substitute markets.

Throughout British Columbia, therefore, there is widespread endorsation of the charge that the St. Laurent Ministry has shown indifference to the preservation of the British market, and the recurring moves of the Government to obliterate the few surviving links of Canada's connection with Britain are resented by the large British-born element.

Prediction about the result in the province is made peculiarly difficult because so many immigrants, who are anchored to no party, have become voters; and most of the constituencies have been carved up and readjusted by redistribution.

James Sinclair, the Minister of Fisheries, who is the best of the junior Ministers, can hardly be dislodged from his seat, and Ralph Campney may just escape defeat in his division of Vancouver, because Rod Young, an extremist firebrand, has again secured the CCF nomination. The superiority of their candidate should enable the Liberals to hold Victoria, which W. R. Mayhew weaned from its traditional Torvism. None of the other Liberal candidates has any assurance of victory and some sitting Liberals will lose their seats.

British Columbia sent to the last House of Commons a trio of Conservatives, General George Pearkes VC, Howard Green and Davie Fulton and a trio of members of the CCF, Angus MacInnis, H. W. Herridge and O. L. Jones, who were parliamentarians of above the average in quality, and better spokesmen of the province than most of their Liberal colleagues. Their good record at Ottawa and their personal hold upon their constituencies should assure the return of all six, but Mr. Fulton is in some difficulties in Kamloops. The Conservatives have one very attractive and able woman candidate in Miss Lorraine Smith, who might win a seat in Vancouver, but elsewhere their hopes are slim.

CCF-ers have a better prospect of gains. They have high hopes of carrying the northern seat of Vancouver Island, Skeena, East Kootenay and East Vancouver. In East Kootenay, the miners' vote in Kimberley, which usually decides the election, was given to the Liberal Mr. Byrne in 1949 because he was a trades unionist, but he is not expected to hold it against a new CCF candidate, Mr. Macdonald, who is a union leader. But whether Mr. Coldwell will regard as a welcome recruit at Ottawa Harold Winch, the former provincial leader of his party, who has a good chance of winning East Vancouver, is dubious.

JOHN A. STEVENSON

Foreign Affairs

Far East Is Not Ready For Settlement

THIS KOREAN TRUCE, in which there is so little hope, or confidence, is suited to the bitter and frustrating war which it ended. It is nonsense to call it a Munich, as the unrepentant MacArthurites are doing in the U.S.A. There is no fear and no appeasement in it. We are not throwing half of Korea to the Communists because we fear to test their strength. We (meaning mainly the Americans) met them boldly, even rashly in 1950. We checked them, we almost defeated them under MacArthur and again under Ridgway, but . . . but . . . but.

But for the danger of plunging into World War III. That is the real essence of the Korean stalemate. We went into it to give the enemy a warning which we hoped would avert World War III. In spite of the furious MacArthur Inquiry and all the transatlantic blather, we avoided by some instinctive wisdom ever going far enough to set off World War III. We reached, instead, a kind of balance between the Communist and free worlds. We didn't *defeat* the Communists decisively on the battlefield—and that is what bewilders and infuriates many Americans, who can conceive of no other aim in war. But the Communists did not overrun South Korea; nor have they won any of the other territories menaced by them at the time the Korean War started, notably Formosa, Indo-China, Malaya, Burma, Iran and Yugoslavia.

Considering its effect in alerting and uniting the Western World—at least to a greater degree than ever before—and in achieving the balance of forces which has brought the situation in Europe to the point of negotiation, we may hope that the resistance of the United States and the associated UN powers in Korea has helped to produce the necessary balance in the Far East.

That balance does not exist yet, however, and that is why there is so little likelihood of a Far Eastern settlement, or even a united Korea, coming out of the Korean truce. The first conference, and the only one to which we are committed by the armistice agreement, is supposed "to settle through negotiation the questions of the withdrawal of all foreign forces from Korea, the peaceful settlement of the Korean question, etc."

The peaceful settlement of the Korean question means the reunification of the divided country. How can anyone believe that this can be achieved except within the framework of a much wider Far Eastern settlement? We have been unable to force the Chinese to yield North Korea by arms; what can we offer them to induce them to give it up peacefully? It won't be enough for us to pull our forces out as they pull theirs out. That would leave a South Korean Army overwhelmingly superior to the North Korean Army, and there isn't much doubt as to what Syngman Rhee would do under those circumstances.

The Chinese Communists would be bound to demand the disarmament of the Koreans, South and North. Even then, they wouldn't care to enter a political competition with the anti-Communist forces within a united Korea, with the United States pouring in huge reconstruction funds to be handled by proved friends of the U.S. The Chinese would insist that such reconstruction funds must come from the UN, or through the UN, and be handled in Korea by a neutral UN Commission—a commission no less "neutral" than the one which is to handle prisoner repatriation, and which includes two Communist states, Poland and Czechoslovakia, India as chairman, and Sweden and Switzerland.

The United States Congress is in no mood to fork out large sums of money to be handled by such a commission; one can easily imagine the cries that this is "worse than UNRRA." I believe that, instead, the South Korean Government and the United States Government would agree that it was preferable to face a situation like that of divided Germany, for the present, and proceed to build up South Korea without the "help" of all these others, in the meantime keeping it secure with U.S. and ROK forces.

THE MEANS which would secure a united, independent Korea, with the withdrawal of Chinese forces, must come from outside that limited battlefield. They are American recognition of Communist China and withdrawal of support from the Chinese Nationalist Government on Formosa; and possibly also the abrogation of the U.S. defence treaty with Japan. The U.S. Congress is in no mood for any such deal; it just isn't practical politics in the United States today.

Nor would it be readily acceptable to the U.S. military authorities as sound strategy. The new chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Admiral Radford, is known as a staunch believer in the maintenance of the Nationalist power on Formosa as a thorn in the side of the Chinese Communists, in case they shift their main attack to South-East Asia, or in case of World War III breaking out. The *New York Times* correspondent, James Reston, has also just reported from Formosa that U.S. diplomatic representatives in South-East Asia are even more strongly in favor of maintaining support for Chiang than is the State Department. This appears to be because of the influence which his reformed government is regaining with the overseas Chinese.

If one factor which makes the Far East unready for a settlement is the unwillingness of the United States to recognize Communist China and throw over the Nationalists, another quite as important is the suspicion that Peking has further designs for military expansion. In particular, it is suspected that the Chinese Communists are eager to expand their activities in South-East Asia, which is strategically more important than Korea and has a great wealth of raw materials and rice.

At the time of the Laos invasion, in May, this commentary suggested that, through a confusion of signals between Ho Chi Minh, the Indo-China Communist leader, Mao Tse-tung, and the new men just taking over in the Kremlin, we had received a tip-off on Communist grand strategy

Miller

MAO TSE-TUNG: Our diplomacy should sharpen his differences with the Russians.

for the next phase in Asia. This is the scheme for setting up a Greater Thailand, by attaching to the present Thailand the Thai (Siamese) people living in Burma and Indo-China, and a few in Southern China. The idea seems to be essentially a copy of the Kurdistan plan, which is aimed at breaking up the present states of Turkey, Iraq and Iran, by supporting the Kurdish minorities in all three.

There is no indication that Peking has yet been persuaded that it cannot make further large gains in South-East Asia. On the contrary, the presence of a large Chinese population (from one to two millions in every country from the Philippines down to Indonesia, and totalling about 8 millions) provides a handy vehicle for infiltration and ultimate control of the unwarlike native peoples. And the French, who are holding the dike in Indo-China, have shown distinct signs of wanting to pull out. Their present commander, General Navarre, is a man of spirit. He has just carried out the bold paratroop blow against the Communist supply base of Langson, and has considerable support within the French cabinet for a plan to reinforce his armies and take the initiative, in an effort to win a more favorable settlement than could be obtained at present. But this has yet to be done; and that is still another reason why the Far East is not ready for a settlement.

Yet another reason is the lack of agreement between the British and Americans on political and trading policy towards China. The British recognize China and want to increase their trade with her; the Americans want neither. Indeed, we have just had from Senator McCarthy the extraordinary proposal that Britain and other "offenders" in trade with China should have a million dollars, plus three times the value of the cargo, deducted from the aid they receive under the U.S. Mutual Security Act, for each cargo they ship to Communist China.

Here is the deadlock in Western diplomacy, which robs it of all freedom of manoeuvre with Peking. The British are as little prepared to use the suggestion that they might break diplomatic reactions with Peking as the Americans are ready to let it be known that they might open relations, in order to gain leverage; the British are as insistent that trade with China is necessary for their own welfare and should be expanded, as some Americans are that it is disloyal and treacherous.

IN THIS situation, it is obviously quite impossible to pursue the only diplomatic aim which could remove the menace in the Far East and allow that area to settle down: the separation of China from Soviet Russia. There is legitimate disagreement over the extent to which this is possible and the time it might take. It is arguable that Communist China has nothing to hope for in association with the West, since the West has constituted itself the protector of the territories into which China wants to expand. On the other hand it is certain that China must be sharing many of the experiences of the European satellite countries in the unpleasantness of being tightly associated with Soviet Russia. The Kremlin may treat a Mao with more consideration than a Gottwald or a Rakosi. Yet the fact remains—and it should be a beacon light for our diplomacy—that now that the Western Powers and all their interests and connections are expelled from China, Russia is the only imperialist power she has left to deal with.

Traditionally, Russia has chipped and pared away at China's vast inner Asian marches, has coveted Manchuria and has been a rival for influence in Korea. There have been indications at different times in the Korean War, and in the last few days, that Russo-Chinese rivalry continues in North Korea. In preparation for the post-armistice political conference, it is said that the Chinese have had the North Korean boss, Kim Il Sung, exchange his Moscow-trained associates for Yenan-trained ones, who will watch out for Chinese interests.

If our diplomats were suitable to the task, and would use the opportunities which the Korean Conference may provide for dividing the enemy, they would have less of a feeling that it is hopeless from the beginning.

WILLSON WOODSIDE

Letter from New York

Salmon and Surpluses

AFTER I'D SEEN Hopalong McKay, Secretary of the Interior, prancing through Portland in the rain, I turned myself out to grass on the Pacific shore. I spent a couple of days at Neah Bay, just across the straits from Vancouver Island, eating the best smoked salmon I'd ever eaten. The sea was a deep blue green, the hills of Vancouver Island were a rich blue-purple, and the sun was warm. Every few hours fishermen would come in with fine thirty to forty pound salmon caught far out at sea; they looked tired and happy, and I would raise myself languidly off the grass just enough to give them a friendly wave as they came alongside the dock. The turf in that part of the world is covered with a lacework of strawberry plants and runners that yield berries just about the size of your thumbnail, as sweet as sugar.

My wife and I thought from time to time that it might be fun to go out after a salmon, but it's a long drive from New York to Cape Flattery, and in the end we decided to stick to the grazing and let the others do the fishing for us. The Makah Indians smoked the catch. They're a good-looking lot, like rosy complexioned Japanese, and they have quite a way with salmon. They gut them and split them, and spread them out flat with thin strips of cedar wood as if they were kites, salt them and then stand them around a wood fire in a circle. The resulting product, eaten right away hot or anything up to a week later cold, is just about as good as it could be. We had some wonderful picnics with hunks of salmon eaten with wild strawberries, washed down with the delicious half and half mixture of cream and milk they sell everywhere west of the Ohio and north of the desert country.

We were walking and riding in the Olympic rain forest where the big Sitka spruce and the Douglas fir grow. There are few things more stirring than the sight of those great spars standing up three hundred feet and more in the untouched forest on the slopes of Mount Olympus, and there is nothing more calming and restoring in the modern world than the soft silence round them on a still day. I found the beaches almost frightening though. The Pacific surf rolls in and casts up these same giant trees as drift wood. There's a ten-mile stretch of sand beach, where the Queets River slices into the sea, which has a belt of bleached and silvered driftwood along it, between fifteen and fifty yards wide. I climbed up onto the root end of one of the trees lying in this jumbled mass of timber and paced off a hundred and twenty three long strides to the far end of it. There were a great many trees as big as that on the beach and the sight filled me with an awe of the Pacific that I don't think I'll ever lose.

After a few days at Neah Bay we ambled down the Pacific shore, turned inland at San Francisco, and came to rest at Aspen, Colorado, the silver mining ghost town that Walter Pepke has brought back to life as the home of a music festival.

In the mornings we walked on the upland meadows, among the aspen and pine woods, beside the brawling trout streams, and looked up at the 14,000-foot peaks towering above us. In the afternoons, in the shadow of the hillside where the Dolly Madison mine yielded up its fabulous wealth of silver, we listened to the music of Hindemith, Brahms, and Mozart played by such first class instrumentalists as William Primrose and Reginald Kell. The concert hall is a huge tent, which protects a specially designed platform and sounding board, and when the weather is still and hot they lift the flaps and you can see out across the meadows of vetches and lucrene to the snowcapped mountains.

I slipped out during one concert to have a cigarette while a gentleman hammered away at that old endurance test (for player and audience), Schumann's *Carnaval*. On the sunlit hillside a few hundred yards away, three boys were riding herd on about fifty horses, taking them down to water in Castle Creek. The sight of the horses running free, and the boys circling round them on their mounts, added something remarkable to *Carnaval* and gave it a charm which it had lost, for me at any rate, when the Ballet companies dropped it.

ON THE WAY to Aspen I went through Utah, a state that hasn't brought much luck to President Eisenhower. The pensioner of Anaconda Copper that they tried to plant on him as head of the Federal Mining Commission came from Utah, and so does his Secretary of Agriculture. Mr. Benson is a Mormon Apostle, and his simple faith has been attracting a good deal of attention lately. People who have called on him with specific problems and requests have not got much change out of him, but they have been asked to join the Secretary in prayer. The problems are certainly not easy ones to deal with. Storage problems (I passed a two-mile string of trucks outside a grain elevator in Eastern Ohio on my way back to New York) make this year's bumper crops of wheat, corn and cotton a nightmare at the local level. The dropsical spectre of plenty means something even worse for the administration; it means acreage and marketing controls, and two more years of price supports at the very least.

As if to escape from the horrors of the excessive generosity of the earth, Mr. Benson came down into Southern Colorado and Western Texas while I was at Aspen. This is the fourth year it hasn't rained, more than to wet the dust, down there, and the horrifying story of the Oklahoma dust bowl is being repeated. Mr. Benson eyed the dust that was once topsoil, drifting over the roads, and the white faced cattle standing around the bare acres that were once pasture; he uttered a brief prayer for "moisture from above," and returned to Washington to help tighten up the regulations against Canadian cheese.

It must have been an enormous relief to him to do something Republican, because the drought, like the farm surpluses, has taken all hope of policy making in the agricultural sphere out of his hands. All he can do is slap on more of the controls his party was calling "creeping Socialism" last fall, and pay out more Federal aid. Nature has played the new Secretary a dirty trick in presenting him with almost the identical set of circumstances that dictated the Democratic farm policies. It's true that there isn't a depression—yet—but the Secretary can see only too plainly that the slightest deviation towards a free market and the relaxation of Democratic buying and support policies will produce one.

NOT LONG AFTER he got back to Washington, Mr. Benson was called on by a group of Republican Congressmen who gave him a stern lecture. He wasn't doing enough to ensure their re-election in '54; they wanted something dynamic from him to sweeten the voting farmers. He was very nice to them, and promised he would try to do better. He didn't say anything about their action in refusing Eisenhower the power to use the huge crop surpluses in Government stores as propaganda give-away material in the famine and distress areas abroad where Communism is making headway, possibly the only constructive proposal that has been made about these stocks so far. He didn't say anything about the appropriation of $150 million for drought relief he had already asked the President for, and which the President has since put before Congress. He didn't say anything about the weather, or about the crops. He said there was one principal difficulty which faced him. There were still 134,000 Democratic employees in the Department of Agriculture. He was pressing for legislation that would enable him to get rid of them so that he could appoint Republicans in their place. When that was done everything would be all right.

There can be no doubt that Mr. Benson has a right to a place in a Cabinet which includes Secretary of the Interior McKay, but there is more than doubt that such a cabinet is capable of holding off a depression.

ANTHONY WEST

Old Men Waiting

So we have come at last to journey's end
(As far as a mortal goes in time and space)
Dropped off our last remaining burdens gratefully,
(How small, how valueless they were!)
And now sit waiting in this quiet place,
Peace in our hearts, and in our ears
the faint receding drum-beats of the past.

So this is the Thing we feared, now come upon us—
Feared when we dared to think at all
Of old men sitting silent and alone
In the monstrous shadow of impending death.

And now we too are forgotten as already dead,
Or remembered briefly with averted eyes
As casualties of time and toil
Who still persist beyond all usefulness—
Like death's heads at the feasts of revelry;
But once, perchance, were men, even as you:

You, spendthrifts of time, reckless of hazards,
Drugged with the will to win, the strength to spend;
Indifferent to wounds, even death in the battle—
Yes, a fair enough end—
But never the end of the line! the silence!
The still waiting in the setting sun.

How far we've come since first we left the strife!
A breath in time and space,
But measureless in latitudes of mind,
From that first pale glimmering of stars
To the full-orbed glow of inner certitude
Where time is not, nor space,
Nor any empty platitudes of earth.

Oh, pity us not, you brothers of the past,
Whose hollow drums still mutter in our ears,
That we, about to die, have no reprieve,
No Caesar's nod for approbation,
No opiates of man-made creeds for consolation—
Only a God at last whom no man fears.

So pity us not, you who still must climb,
Nor dread this soaring ladder men call Time;
Though planted, it seems, on Earth,
Its topmost rung can only rest on Heaven;
And whether our climb be difficult or smooth,
Beset with laughter or despair,
The empty benches in the setting sun await us there,
To give us pause,
Until the last delusion of death dies away,
And Life itself grows bright before our eyes!

LLOYD ROBERTS

Music

Messenger Boys

A COMMUNICATION has come to me from the Otter Lake Music Centre announcing that on the weekend of August 15, a music festival will be held at the Orphanage at Huberdeau, near Montreal. On the Saturday afternoon, there is to be a program of folk songs: some Songs of Childhood (*The Kangaroo*, etc.); some Songs of Love and Courtship (*She's Like the Swallow*, etc.); of Marriage (*Time to be Made a Wife*, etc.); of Homicide (*Hennery My Son*, etc.) and of Work and Play (*Hack Was Every Inch a Sailor*). On Saturday evening, there will be a program of string trios by Mozart, Beethoven, and Violet Archer; and on Sunday afternoon ancient and modern music for flute, recorder, virginals, and piano.

And that is all that is said about the music. The Otter Lake Music Centre is only one of many who offend by suppressing programs; indeed, their mention of some of the folk-songs makes them better than most. But I am sick to death of going to concerts and knowing no more about them in advance than Mr. Smith will entertain at the piano, or something of the sort. The music is the most important thing, by far. The personality of the composer comes next, and the performers nowhere. Away with them. Let them do their work anonymously and behind masks.

You may feel this view sweeping, extreme, and illogical, and when the weather gets cooler I shall agree with you. But it is certainly no less outrageous than the practice which has become widespread of suppressing everything about a concert except the names of the performers. I think it was Deems Taylor who called this "the messenger-boy complex"; we pay more attention to the messenger than to the message.

There is only one way to put a stop to it, and that is to demand the exact program whenever we buy tickets to a concert. Many of the more conscientious artists and impresarios are aware of their responsibility and tell us what they are going to do. Many of the less experienced ones follow the custom in not bothering to describe their programs at all, or in doing so only in general terms. It is true, of course, that there are people who wish to hear performers, and no music. It is presumably for the benefit of these people that so many record catalogues are nowadays indexed by performer, conductor, or orchestra instead of by musical form (opera, symphony, and so forth) or by composer.

Personally, I cannot for the life of me see how anybody with any sort of musical logic in his head can walk into a shop and ask for something by Toscanini, rather than something by Beethoven. I suppose there are many such people. They may even be in the majority, or their tastes would not be catered to so carefully. I do not care. If I am the last man alive who wants to know about the music itself, I shall continue to make life miserable for those who try to withhold this information.

My indignation almost prevents me telling you that Alan Mills will be doing the folk singing at this festival; and I give his name only because his concert mentions a few specific titles. Besides being an admirable folk-singer, he is also a considerable character actor, and I hope that we shall one day see him in the musical play *The Dark of the Moon*, which I gather is not as extinct as I had feared.

I observe with satisfaction that a concert of Canadian Orchestral Music is to be performed in Carnegie Hall in the middle of October. It will be conducted by Leopold Stokowski, and scores have been solicited for some weeks by Kenneth Sobel, of Station CHML, Hamilton, Ontario. The question, however, which rises to my mind is: Who is going to hear this concert? I am not, and very likely you are not, either, unless we can somehow arrange to be in New York at the time. This is good for the New York audience, and very good for the fortunate Canadian composers, for few men are able to do willingly what Casals said of Bach, that he had something to say and said it, and then put it in a drawer. But how shall we in Canada hear so splendid a concert? Will it be recorded? The name of Mr. Sobel suggests that it may be broadcast (Broadcast Music Incorporated is also involved in the affair).

LISTER SINCLAIR

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Current Account

Brittany, In and Out of the Guide-Books

ONCE AT LEAST in their lifetimes all good Bretons try to do the *Tro-Breiz*, the thousand-mile tour of the jagged coast and patch-quilt farmland of Brittany. Now that I have begun tagging in their footsteps I can see why. *Le Guide Michelin*, bible of French autoists, devotes two hundred pages to what you should see in France's northwest peninsula and any traveller could add another hundred for the sights no guide book can or will predict.

Michelin, for example, was right in remarking that, if I entered Brittany by way of the towers and ramparts of Vitré, I would behold *"un spectacle pittoresque"* which would remain imprinted on my memory. But the great *guide de pneu* could not predict that a few miles beyond the five-hundred year old unbroken fortress a truck-driver would jump casually backwards from the top of his parked load and break the windshield of my passing car. Fortunately, incredibly even, it appeared that only my windshield had received permanent damage; the indestructible Breton apologized for not looking before leaping, and I drove on to Rennes, the next picturesque spectacle. But the truck-driver, or at least a basic part of him, will also remain imprinted on my memory long after a new windshield has removed his bas-relief from my Austin.

It is true that in Rennes—*"la capitale administrative et intellectuelle de la Bretagne"*—I momentarily forgot my acrobatic acquaintance in the delights of a great public garden where bright peacocks wandered unmolested, old men munched crusty bread under magnolia trees, and a vista of formalized flower-banks traced out the shapes of the animals in La Fontaine's fables. Then I wandered through streets of eighteenth century houses as harmonious as a Bach sarabande (built after the oil-lamp of a drunken householder set fire to the town in 1720, says my *Michelin*) and down to a café on a canal bank. There, for the price of a poor lunch on Granville or Bay Streets, I ate excellent snails, a turbot, chicken, stuffed artichoke hearts, and *pralines* with coffee.

BUT *Michelin* would not let me leave Rennes without absorbing the *Palais de Justice* where, until as late as the French Revolution, the Breton nobles conducted their own courts and parliament. Dutifully bemused by the centuries, I padded behind the inevitable French guide through empty halls, under the painted heroics and the gilded contortions of Louis Quatorze ceilings, past Gobelin-tapestried walls and rows of empty plush chairs no longer warmed by the proud bottoms of Celtic counts. Then suddenly I was in a law court in full session.

It was, of course, part of the *visite*. French judges—there were three of them, all looking very venerable and very bored—do not seem to mind being included in the tourist's itinerary. I rather doubt, in fact, if they noticed our little party, though the three-year-old daughter of the Paris couple who were also in the guide's tow set up a prolonged high wail at the mere sight of the court-room. A wise child, to whom my heart went out.

For here was the little nightmare my subconscious had been nudging me with ever since Vitré—the dark oak-carved cave, the impassioned duelling of histrionic and unintelligible lawyers, the ranked faces of cynical newspapermen and watchdog

EARLE BIRNEY

clerks and accusatory witnesses, and there—almost lost, cowering on a hard brightly-lit bench—the hopeless-eyed accused. Guilty, unless he prove himself innocent. Condemned, by all the admitted irrelevancies of his life-history. Damned, already, by the strange intuitions of the French legal process. He might have been the feckless hero of Camus' *L'Etranger*, hanged because he did not cry at his mother's funeral. Or he might be me. Supposing that truckdriver really had a broken neck, was too polite to mention it, and has gone home and died. A large *agent* appeared at the door, rattling a paper. I shoved a hundred francs at the guide and headed for St. Malo, the nearest port for England.

"Meurtrié par le guerre," says *Michelin* of St. Malo, and murdered it was. The stronghold which the mediaeval bishops built, and Cartier sailed from to stumble on the St. Lawrence, and which Surcouf, that last and fiercest of the old-fashioned pirates had filled with the spoils of British merchantmen, was murdered by World War Two. The Germans made it into a superfortress and garrisoned it with ten thousand troops. Then the English bombed it, the Americans shelled it, and the Germans set fire to it. When the war ended, three-quarters of the old town had ended with it. In the suburbs there are still great mounds of rubble, the mingled ruins of mediaeval round-towers and modern gun-emplacements, of cross-timbered houses and streamlined apartments, a macabre lucky-grab-bag for playing children who may unearth a cartwheel or a shell-case to roll down the bank, a blackened book from someone's library or, even yet perhaps, a white anonymous bone.

But St. Malo is still worth the tourist's eye, if only to see the miracle of French reconstruction, for a new town is already almost completed on the foundations of the old. Wisely or not, it repeats the narrow winding pattern of the old, and the architecture, though simple and efficient, echoes mainly the traditions of the past. For the planners the decision could not have been easy. You cannot move the port, nor the solid and beautiful ramparts of the mediaeval island-town in it, which managed to survive the war. Would you have knocked down the castellated walls, made broad avenues and skyscrapers? Where space is so precious, it was either that, or the ten-foot streets and the individual homes of Cartier's day. Until the next war, it looks as if St. Malo will stick with Cartier.

FROM ST. MALO I turned east to Cancale along the fantastically fretted coast, strewn with those rocky islets the heroine of Chaucer's *Franklin's Tale* would have sold her virtue to a magician to remove, so that her voyaging husband might come safely home to port. Whether there are still ladies in Cancale so heroically unfaithfully I do not know; those I met were singlemindedly devoted to selling me the virtues of their restaurants. Cancale is an oyster-port fallen on evil days, since some mysterious ailment nearly destroyed the famous beds, and all the women seem to have turned to running shoreside inns and to standing on the sidewalk in front of them competing, with strident recitations of the menus, for the ear of the strolling tourist. Far over the rocky bay I could see, like a curious gauzy battleship caught in the sands, the outline of Mont St. Michel, and I left the huckstering wives of Cancale to their virtues and their sad empty restaurants.

I slept that night in a hotel that was once the *logis* of the Counts of Montgomery and is rather heavily haunted by their smart Breton wardrobes. Its oak stairways are worn and framed parchment-deeds line the lobby walls—whose wall-paper is approximately and regrettably 1910. Then I drove out a long causeway and found myself, with what seemed to be about a thousand other tourists, in the stranded stone battleship of Le Mont St. Michel.

"De celebrité mondiale", says Michelin, and awards it three stars, the Croix de Guerre in the battle of *tourisme*. It started out fifteen hundred years ago to be a quiet island monastery but a lot of things have happened to it since. River-silt and the *Ministre des Travaux* tied it to the mainland, architect-monks and mason-prisoners piled a series of Gothic glories over its rock-strewn cells, and the invention of printing produced a library of travel-literature about the whole affair which it is not my intention to supplement. Agreed, it's a strange and wonderful stone ship, all 456 feet of it, from the tourist bazaar in the keel to the gilded statue flying like a flag from the stone mast of its topmost church. The statue, in case you have forgotten, is of St. Michel, the angel that Milton and Thomas Wolfe implored to look homeward. He is still gazing at Normandy, however, his armored feet sternly planted on the smallest, most kittenish and most endearing dragon I have ever been able to observe through field glasses. I am sorry to report that *Michelin*, who gives five pages to the Archangel Michael and his Mont, says nothing at all about the dragon.

EARLE BIRNEY

●

The Dragon Of Summer

O the dragon of summer
Is licking his molten tongue
Over the juicy tars of the pavements
Where shopgirls walk bare-shouldered and -waisted.

The dragon of summer
Is searing his fiery breath
Through the comforting grass of the parks
Where old men lie in the night,
Like curled-up children
Asleep on the breast of a mother.

The dragon of summer
Is ranging at large in the city,
And the idle and well-to-do
Have fled in haste to the North
To hide in the woods.

The brokers were trapped in their boardrooms
But escaped on cruisers and yachts
To the safety of highballs with ice
And there is no one to watch
The crazy gyrations of the ticker tape.

Only the laughing children from the tenements
Are unafraid and content,
Splashing and paddling in the pool of the park
Where the dragon of summer is often
The only friend they have.

VERNAL HOUSE

●

The Beggar

A beggar on a lonely lane
Counting his coins with trembling hands,
Saw suddenly the rays of gold
The evening sun so freely spends
And thought they mocked his meager gain.

He stopped before he staggered on
Then smiled, and dropped them one
By one, the coins together with the sun's
Soft gold, into his shabby purse.

ANTHONY FRISCH

Books

Shroud or Levee Dress?

IT WAS LORD MELBOURNE who said: "I see there is a new edition of Crabbe coming out; it is a good thing when these authors die, for then one gets their works and is done with it!" As with many unkind remarks, there is a great deal of truth in this; there is a satisfaction about having a Complete Collected Edition of an author; at best it can give us well-edited and handsome copies for reading: at worst it gives us a sense that we have the fellow's mind, so to speak, on tap, and can take a refreshing swig of his quality whenever we can find time for it.

These Collected Editions can be a dreadful snare, however. Great numbers of them have been prepared solely to impose upon the vanity of pretentious but illiterate people. These frauds are not as common as they were, but you can still see them at every auction sale of the household effects of people of some means and bad taste. Book agents used to scour the countryside, selling complete editions of Balzac to people who had never heard of Balzac; complete editions of Carlyle to people who would never read a line of Carlyle; complete editions of such writers as Anatole France and Alphonse Daudet to people for whom France and Daudet could never conceivably have any appeal.

The appearance of these "sets" was a warning to any book-lover that they were trash. Sometimes they were bound in leather, but never in good leather. More often they were bound in sham leather with such names as Moroccoid or Vellumette; this meant oilcloth, and it was a selling-point that these could be kept clean by wiping them over with a damp cloth at house-cleaning time. The backs were lavishly stamped in inferior gold. Inside, the books were printed in small type, and illustrated with bad engravings, sometimes protected by pieces of tissue paper. Invariably the books were uncomfortably heavy to hold. Such "sets" never looked well on the shelf, but they gave an impression of "culture" to people who regarded culture as a purchasable commodity. They were junk and their day has gone, I hope, for ever.

Such trash as this gave Collected Editions a bad name, but there is nothing basically wrong with a Collected Edition. Today I want to write about two Collected Editions which are in the process of printing, which are very good. They are the Oxford Trollope and the Oxford Dickens.

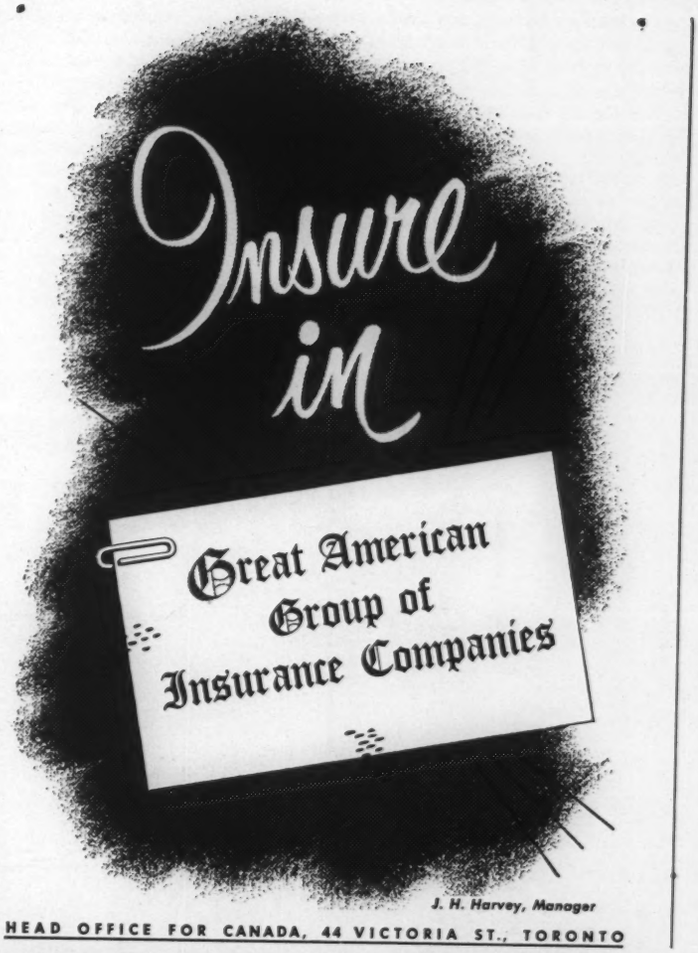
The economics of the publishing business are no different from those of any other reputable business, and every publisher wants to print what will sell. But he does not expect all his books to sell at the same speed, and he likes to have a few things on his shelves which sell steadily, year after year. A good Collected Edition is a boon to him, and he can reckon pretty shrewdly what it will bring him in every year. The Temple Shakespeare must be worth a good deal to Dent; Dent & Sons have a solid foundation for their firm in the invaluable Everyman's Library; the Oxford Press has a similar excellent property in the World's Classics. The recent return of interest in the work of Trollope has brought about the Crown Edition of his works, at which Oxford is now engaged.

A Collected Trollope is an ambitious project; Trollope wrote sixty-seven books, of which about thirty-five are still first-rate entertainment for anyone who likes good novels. So far Oxford has brought out seven books in an attractive form, at a price which is not high for the kind of books they are. And what kind of books are they?

I would call them adults' books. They are not highbrow books, and those who can endure nothing below the level of Proust, Henry James, Kafka and Gide will not care for them. The reader need not bring exceptional literary appreciation and razor-sharp sensibilities to the reading of Trollope. But the Trollope reader needs to be mature in his attitude toward life, for these are tough books—much tougher than Hemingway, for instance. They are about grown-up people who care about grown-up things—getting money, getting important positions, seeking justice, seeking revenge, seeking to repair the damage made by bad marriages; his people wrangle about inheritances, lawsuits and scandals. His villains, like villains in real life, are not so much evil as self-seeking and heartless: his good people, like good people in real life, are not saints, but decent people who have to be badly wronged before they can flog themselves into any displays of heroics.

Trollope is never cynical, but he has a very sharp eye for human frailty, and he knows the ins and outs of the human heart as very few authors have known them. When we finish one of his novels we have lived with his people and shared their feelings, and it is unlikely that we shall ever completely forget them. In my opinion, he is a great novelist, and I am not to be shifted from that view by anyone who has not read at least twenty of his books.

HOWEVER, it must be said that Trollope's novels are long, and the Oxford Press is wise to issue five of them in a two-volume form. In the U.S.A. the astute firm of Alfred A. Knopf has begun a collected Trollope but has, in my opinion, made the sad mistake of issuing its books in single volumes. By my scales the Oxford books weigh about a pound each; the Knopf books weigh two pounds. Thus the Knopf books, though handsome



and a pleasure to read, are heavy to hold, and impossible to read in bed, whereas the Oxford books are also handsome, and can be read anywhere.

The Oxford Trollope is handsomely and sturdily bound in very good brown cloth, and printed in a beautiful, clear type. It is a scholarly edition, but not alarmingly so, and good introductions and discreet notes are included by such scholars as Dr. R. W. Chapman. My only quarrel with it is in the matter of illustrations. Trollope was unfortunate in his illustrators while he lived, and although the illustrations of the new books are often attractive as drawings I do not feel that any of them quite capture the feeling of the books. However, novels like these need illustrations for modern readers, because great numbers of well-educated people nevertheless lack any firm sense of historical costume, and their notion of the clothes of 1865 is vague. And it is important to imagine Trollope's people correctly dressed. External things meant much to them, and we must not see them badly outfitted in our mind's eye.

Now I have run on so much about Trollope that I have little space left to discuss the Oxford Dickens. It is a much less ambitious undertaking than the Trollope, and understandably so, for good collected sets of Dickens are many. But this is a good edition at a popular price. The type is good and the volumes are respectable pieces of book-making. It is in the illustrations that this edition triumphs. It has reproduced the original illustrations of each book (usually those of H. K. Browne) but it has had them re-engraved. Thus we are spared the dingy, mussy reproductions of the original plates which have marred so many Dickens books. Browne was an artist of curious genius; there is beauty and insight in his illustrations, but there is also a mass of pernickety detail and crabbed line which, badly reproduced, is hideous. To have these pictures in their original clarity, at a low price, gives the Oxford Dickens an immeasurable advantage over any other modern reprint of this author.

There is nothing wrong with a good Collected edition. But, according to the taste and integrity of the publisher, it can present an author either shrouded for the grave—decayed, repellent and utterly unreadable—or it can present him at his best and finest—in levee dress, so to speak. Both the ventures described here are of the superior, or levee dress, order.

ROBERTSON DAVIES.

THE OXFORD TROLLOPE, Crown Edition—illustrated and with introductions and notes—range in price from $3.25 to $8.00.

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In Brief

EX-PRODIGY: MY CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH—by Norbert Wiener—pp. 309 including index—illustrated with photographs—Musson—$5.00.

Once a *Wunderkind*, now professor of mathematics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, an outstanding scientist tells the story of his unique early years. Wiener *père* was determined to bring his son's mind to the highest development, a project in which he succeeded by the forced feeding of every conceivable kind of knowledge. This was drastic and often distressing treatment, but it did produce a first-class mind; not a mind merely crammed with facts, but one capable of original thought which Dr. Wiener has demonstrated in more than one branch of science. It also produced a myopic youth, physically clumsy and ill-at-ease and socially unacceptable. How the prodigy struggled to narrow the gap between himself and his average fellows makes a story worth reading, not only for its unusual subject matter and many anecdotes (Santayana, Russell and Dewey were among his teachers at Harvard), but for its broad perspective on science and society.

THE VIOLENT WEDDING—by Robert Lowry—pp. 255—Doubleday—$3.35.

Paris ("Baby") James boxes for the money he gets out of it, but to Laine Brendan he seems beautiful and courageous, "a black angel of death who could make all pain, all blood, all punishment seem right . . . " A love affair with the negro fighter strengthens her sagging interest in life. She resumes her painting and paints Baby's portait behind a patchwork of ring ropes, spotlights and streaming blood. But it frightens the fighter,

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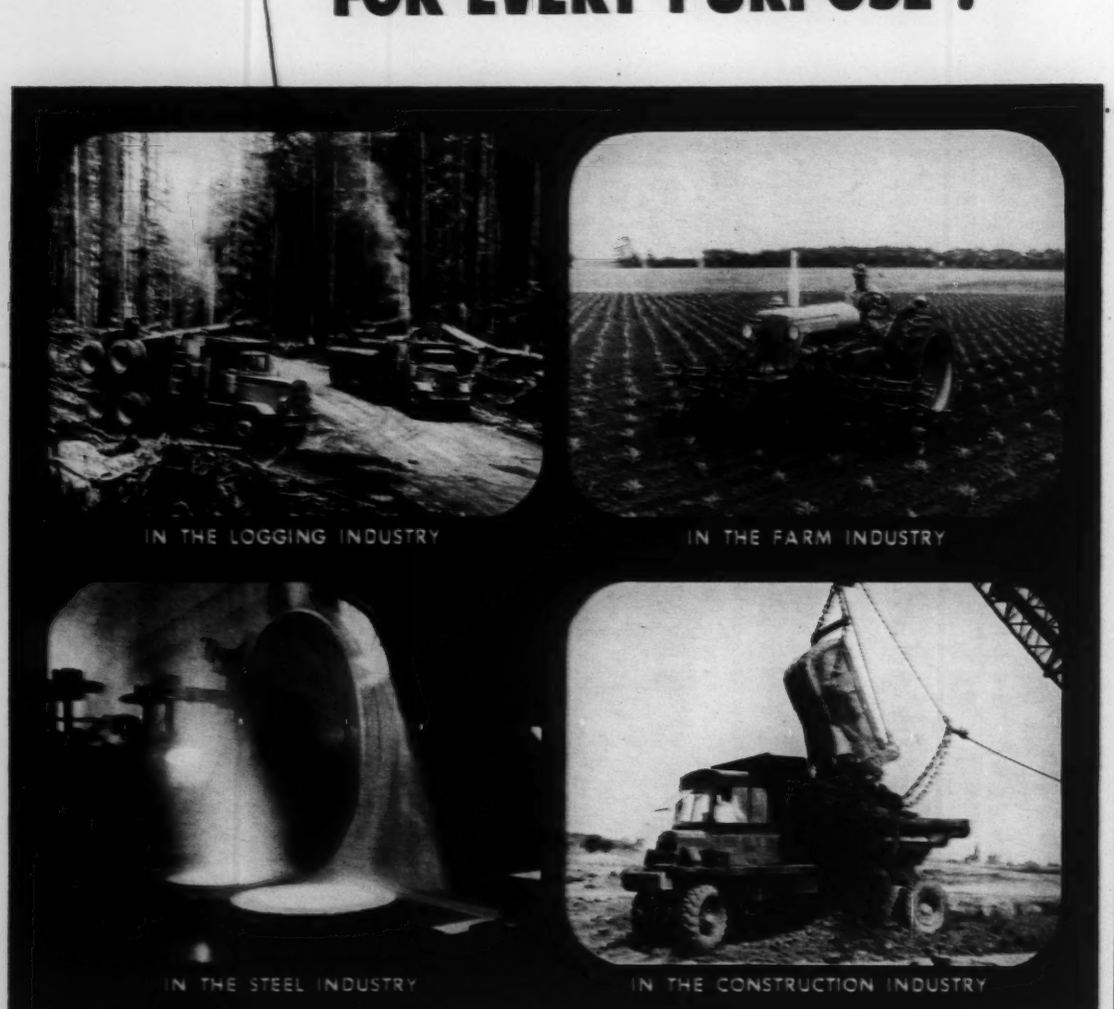

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sticks in his mind and returns to trouble him in his biggest bout. When he kills his opponent in the ring a landslide of tragedy begins.

What happens in Baby's mind after that is not made quite clear, but the study of the woman's thoughts and emotions is well done. The violence of the painting is symbolic, but the author has wisely kept both symbolism and story well in hand; his narrative is as fast-moving as Baby's right and packs almost as frightening a punch.

THE ENORMOUS RADIO AND OTHER STORIES—by John Cheever—pp. 237—*Ryerson*—$4.25.

Readers of his excellent short stories in the New Yorker will welcome this collection of fourteen pieces by John Cheever, all of which have appeared in that magazine. The settings are urban; the situations only a little strange, a trifle bizarre, so that they are believable without being commonplace; the characters mostly young upper-middle-class couples under whose appearance of untroubled well-being Mr. Cheever detects strain. He feels their anxiety, catches the apprehensive glance, hears the urgent muted cry for help.

No great storms of tragedy break over these men and women; they only shrink and sicken a little in draughts of cold, stale air. Disturbing stories about people you might have known, by a writer of impressive qualities of imagination and craftsmanship.

WOMEN TODAY—Their Conflicts, Their Frustrations and Their Fulfilments—edited by Elizabeth Bragdon—pp. 335 with illustrations—*McClelland & Stewart*—$4.75.

A symposium of opinion on a sure-fire subject, almost all drawn from magazine articles by authors ranging from I.A.R. Wylie and Margaret Mead to Merle Miller and poet W. H. Auden. All agree on one point: the American woman is suffering from emotional malaise, and although all describe her symptoms with as much sly pleasure as any housewife telling her neighbour, few suggest a remedy.

One thing appears certain. The American male may be bored by the little woman at home, but he is irritated, annoyed and downright antagonized by her sister in the business world!

The book is only moderately provocative and entertaining, although the jacket describes it as "sparkling and stimulating." Some of the articles were written twenty years ago. The ideas may have had a bite and tang then but everyone knows what can happen to stimulating, sparkling things when they are around in the air for a while. Well, it happened here.

THE ECHOING GROVE—by Rosamond Lehmann—pp. 320—*Collins*—$3.00.

Rickie Master, his wife Madeleine, and her sister Dinah are the main characters in this novel set in contemporary England. Madeleine is beautiful, a devoted mother, interested in her social life—the standard upper-bracket young matron. Dinah is a Chelsea and Pimlico bohemian, embracing new doctrines and new lovers in about equal proportions. Rickie is in a predicament not new in a novel, for he falls in love with his wife's sister; and in the protracted battle of the sexes which ensues he is never able to decide which side he is on. Ultimately a duodenal ulcer and death release him, but there is no such dispensation for the reader, who is forced to be present at an interminable examination of the psychological sore spots of all three.

Miss Lehmann begins her story at the end, with the reconciliation of Madeleine and Dinah after Rickie's death, and tells it in a series of scrambled flashbacks. It is a story of great complexity, carefully planned and skilfully constructed; skilfully written too. Her prose has rhythm and elegance of line, and she writes with a subtle yet vivid charm. But in spite of her art it is hard to be interested for long in the author's garrulous, querulous trio. Sooner or later the endless plaints reverberating through *The Echoing Grove* make one long for a quiet spot—*any* quiet spot, as long as it does not contain even one person who wants to talk about his love life.

IN THE CASTLE OF MY SKIN—by George Lamming—pp. 303 with interesting drawings on wrapper and end papers by Denis Williams—*Michael Joseph*—$3.50.

George Lamming is a young native of Barbados well-known there as a poet, and now attracting notice in England where he broadcasts on the BBC's colonial service. This is his first

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prose work, an amorphous novel about the people of "Little England" —his people—whom he loves with a passion as fierce and strong as the tropic sun. Autobiographical in tone, it is an imaginative account of their days and nights in school room, shack, public bath or public brawl; of their feudal relationship with overseer and landowner; and of their unrest during the years 1935-44 and eventual revolt.

One comes to love Ma and Pa, the oldest natives in the village, and to welcome Cutsie, Botsy, Trumper and Blue Boy, to respect them for their simple dignity, and to pity their jealousies and smothering fears.

The indolent native idiom, musical but sometimes maddeningly monotonous, is relieved by passages of the purest English prose. Weak in story but strong in atmosphere and characterization, this is a warm, poignant book, recommended for the style and mature beauty of the writing.

THE HUMAN KIND—by Alexander Baron—pp. 187—*Clarke, Irwin*—$2.25.

The author of *From The City From The Plough* writes again of men at war in a score of episodes, first during training in England, then on unsentimental journeys to Sicily and Normandy, and finally, in an epilogue, on a Korean hillside.

Told in the first person, each is a complete and perfect vignette, but the group has wholeness and continuity by reason of the time sequence and the re-appearance of some of the characters. There is great variety of treatment; some sketches are humorous, some grim. All explore and illumine the character of man in his many aspects and moods—stubborn, brutal, compassionate, capricious man, now enthralled by his first Beethoven at a camp concert, now sick in a Sicilian dug-out, now feeling the temptation to desert in a bar in Ostend.

But how to give you the feel of this book? There is no way to convey in a few lines of type its power to move the heart. So I shall say just this: to me, *The Human Kind* is a rare little book, and unforgettable.

THE WEEPING AND THE LAUGHTER, by J. Maclaren-Ross—pp. 229—*Clarke, Irwin*—$3.00.

The author's story of his early childhood in England and France, encompassed and encumbered by an odd assortment of strong-willed adults. Frank, fresh and funny, it has these additional good qualities: it displays neither sentimentality nor psychic scars, and it has style—graceful, apt and elegant.

DESIRED HAVEN—by E. M. Richardson—pp. 286—*Ryerson*—$3.50

The love and life story of Mercy Nickerson, born of Nova Scotian pioneers with salt water in her veins, and Dan Redmond, an Irish gentleman cast up by the sea on this rim of the world, is told with third-dimensional depth in language that is rich and picturesque.

The enveloping irony of the life-giving, death-dealing sea gives unity to this rambling family story which describes a mature acceptance of life occasionally marred by sentiments of literary-guild romance. R.M.T.

•

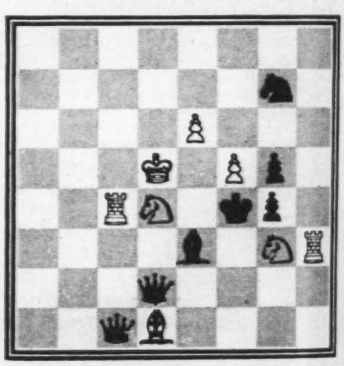
Chess Problem

WHEN THE HALF-PIN two-mover had been developed to its great complexity in 1920, it was the view of leading Good Companions composers that the culmination of two-move strategy had been reached. This contention applied to just a single variation, within the limits of a single theme and its special extensions and elaborations. Our No. 25 below comes close in more than one variation, and is a happy example of the famous Tuxen half-pin, unpin, cross-check theme. The black Queen is the protagonist in the thematic play. Besides leaving the black Bishop pinned, it upsets the white Knight for its dual action, and concludes with a check.

But to express the full possibility we have to go a step further, presenting a variation of the half-pin, interference unpin, cross-check theme. For a single variation of this a minimum total of nine theme pieces are required.

Problem No. 25, by H. V. Tuxen

Black—Six Pieces.



White—Nine Pieces.

White to play and mate in two.

Of three examples of the half-pin, interference unpin, cross-check theme, we select one by A. Ellerman of Buenos Aires:

White: K on KKt1; Q on KKt3; Rs on QR5 and K7; Bs on Q4 and KR1; Kts on QB2 and K6; Ps on QKt3 and QKt4. Black: K on Q4; Q on KR2; Rs on K8 and KKt1; Bs on QB4 and KB8; Kts on QR1 and KKt7; Ps on QB3, Q3, K5, K7, KB5 and KR5. Mate in two.

The key-move is 1.Q-Q3, threatening 2.Q-B4 mate, and the thematic variation is Kt-K6ch; 2.B-Kt7 mate. The black Knight interferes with the Bishop at B4 to operate the "interference unpin" of the white Bishop.

Solution of Problem No. 24

Key-move 1.Kt-QB6, threatening 2.R-Q8 mate. If QxKB; 2.R-Kt7 mate. If QxKt; 2.R-Q4 mate. If Q-Kt4 or QxQB; 2.RxQ mate. If KxR; 2.B-K6 mate. If Kt any; 2.R-B7 mate. If R-R1; 2.KtxP mate.

"CENTAUR."

Business

Petroleum's Number One Gusher

By MILTON SILVERMAN

SEVERAL YEARS ago in St. Louis, two petroleum companies were engaged in a multi-million-dollar lawsuit concerning patents on emulsions, or mixtures, of oil and water. One day early in the month of November, a perky little Chicago chemist named Gustav Egloff was brought to the stand as an expert witness.

"Doctor Egloff," an attorney asked him, "what do you know about emulsions?"

The chemist started speaking.

Three months later, an editorial writer on the St. Louis *Post Dispatch* noted: "We are lost in admiration of Doctor Egloff. We admire him, but we would never be so incautious, especially if we were in a hurry, to ask him what time it is."

A few days later, although there were still one or two phases of emulsions he hadn't yet covered, the chemist agreed to get off the witness stand. His reputation as the world's champion orator of the petroleum industry was secure.

A jeep-sized, irrepressible, indefatigable dynamo, Egloff has a voice like a rusty hinge, a laugh like a Comanche war whoop, a memory like the files of the Library of Congress, and the muscles of an ex-wrestler, which he happens to be.

He also happens to be one of the world's most distinguished chemists, a pioneer in the exciting new field of petroleum chemistry, and research director of Universal Oil Products Company, one of the hottest research and development organizations in the oil industry. As a chemist, he is credited with devising improved refining methods used on millions of barrels of oil a day, creating some of the first catalysts for catalytic oil cracking, and saving American motorists more than $50 million a year by pushing through changes in gasoline specifications. He has worked out new ways to utilize petroleum waste products, new reactions to make explosives, new techniques to extract chemicals from wood, and even procedures to turn cottonseed oil, whale oil and seal oil into high-octane gasoline. One of these latter processes has been applied recently in China to obtain motor fuel oil from soy beans.

For his scientific accomplishments, he has been accorded high honors by both the chemical and petroleum industries, including the presidency of the American Institute of Chemists.

As the chief prophet and number one spokesman for petroleum chemistry, he has been predicting revolutionary developments ten, fifteen or twenty years before their occurrence. Long before the development of Nylon, Dacron, Acrilan and other synthetic fibers, for example, he was confidently claiming that such materials would be created out of petroleum by-products.

He is likewise predicting that new advances in the petroleum industry will make possible gasoline which will give fifty miles per gallon, synthetic rubber tires which will give a hundred thousand miles of puncture-proof service, synthetic edible fats made from petroleum by-products to be used in meeting food crises, and commercial airliners which will be on routine thousand - mile - per - hour schedules.

Because of his fascination for high-speed aircraft, Egloff booked space on one of the first flights of the British jet-powered Comet, but failed to show up for the ride.

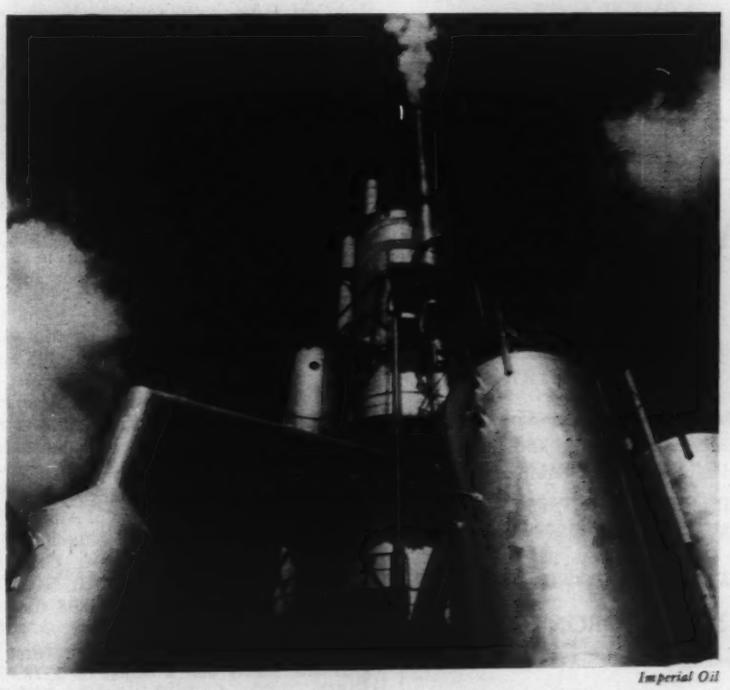
"I missed my connections," he said. "I was giving a lecture, and I thought of a few more things to say."

Born in New York to Swiss parents, the chemist went to Cornell and graduated in 1912 as a brilliant scholar, an enterprising campus editor and local correspondent for New York newspapers, a friend of the literati, and, at 125 pounds, an intercollegiate wrestler.

After four years at Cornell, he moved to Columbia University for graduate study and his doctor's degree, then briefly to the United States Bureau of Mines, and next to a chemical factory developing an experimental explosive for World War I.

"It didn't work out too well." he said. "All it did was blow up three of our own factories."

Then, in 1917, he was hired by Universal Oil Products Company, a new organization formed largely by J. Ogden Armour, the Chicago meat-packing tycoon, and an inventor with the improbable-sounding name of Carbon Petroleum Dubbs. Although UOP eventually became one of the most influential companies in the oil business, it has never owned a well or refinery, produced a barrel of petroleum, or sold a penny's worth of gas or oil to a motorist. Its major business is making discoveries.



Imperial Oil

A CATALYTIC CRACKING UNIT: "The answer to a refiner's prayer."

Today UOP processes are used in the manufacture of not only fuels and lubricants but also plastics, explosives, synthetic rubber, and edible fats and oils. One of the most significant developments spearheaded by Egloff and his co-workers is the use of protective chemicals for aviation gasoline which can be stored without deteriorating under the heat of a Libyan desert or the cold of a Greenland airbase. Another is their new Platforming process, a remarkable procedure which uses platinum to crack some petroleum molecules, rearrange others, remove unwanted sulphur, convert low-octane gasoline into high-anti-knock fuel for automobiles and airplanes, and yield an assortment of valuable compounds for the chemical industry.

When Egloff came to work for Universal Oil Products in World War I, such developments were undreamed of. The infant company was attempting to crack petroleum simply by applying heat and pressure. With this treatment, the relatively enormous molecules in petroleum—compounds of thirty, forty or even more carbon atoms in a chain—were cracked or broken apart into compounds containing twelve or less carbon atoms.

"These cracked molecules," the chemist said, "were the answer to the refiner's prayer, yielding him more gasoline from each barrel of crude oil, and also a gasoline which gave quicker starting, more power, and more miles per gallon. It was my job to take the technical bugs out of our process and make it function smoothly."

CARBON PETROLEUM DUBBS, who hired Egloff, claims, "I never saw anybody who went to work like Doc Egloff. Morning to night, work, work, work. His working day was his waking day. And morning to night, a flood of new ideas. My Lord, how that boy could talk!"

In 1930 a group of these oil companies purchased UOP for approximately $25 million, taking over its laboratories, its patents, and especially Gustav Egloff, who was maintained as director of research.

"If all they got out of it was Doc Egloff," says one petroleum expert, "the price was reasonable."

As a research director, the pint-sized chemist felt his job involved more than solving technological headaches and working out new petroleum processes. It was also essential to recruit men who could conduct such work. Most of the men he brought to UOP were top-notch Americans—among them was Charles Thomas, now president of Monsanto Chemical Company. Several were brilliant European investigators, including the great Hans Tropsch of Czechoslovakia, co-developer of the famed Fischer-Tropsch method of coal hydrogenation.

Another was recruited when Egloff was sent to Germany in 1930 as an American representative to the World Power Congress. One afternoon he was talking to a very stiff, very proper young Russian, when suddenly the young man thawed.

"Doctor Egloff," he proclaimed triumphantly, "I like you very much. I will do for you a large favor. How

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

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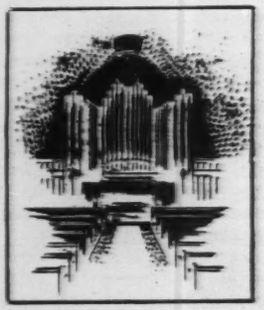

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Trans Era Oils

ABOUT A YEAR AGO *I purchased some Trans Era Oils Ltd. shares at $1.50. Would you advise the purchase of more of this stock at about .75 or should I sell what I own?—G. R. H., Vancouver.*

Trans Era Oils directly and indirectly holds interests in more than one million acres of land in Alberta, Saskatchewan, and in Kansas through a wholly owned subsidiary, Trans Era Petroleum Inc. Oil reserves are reported in excess of 1.5 million barrels of light oil and 2.2 million barrels of heavy oil.

On the basis of the last balance sheet, now nearly a year old, these reserves, which have been increased considerably by successful operations in Kansas, together with working capital of $900,000, indicate an approximate value of 90 cents per share. With production income, before taxes and costs, estimated by the company in excess of $1 million per year, the company appears to be in good shape financially to continue expansion and development work.

Guessing at what the next balance sheet will contain, the stock appears to be selling below total asset value, and with the oil market lacking speculative forces, it seems to be much more of a buy than a sale.

Fibre Products

CAN YOU *give me some information on Fibre Products of Canada Ltd?—I. P. M., Toronto.*

Fibre Products is a small company which manufactures jute, hair and cotton products for the automotive, upholstery and rug trades. Operations do not appear to be following a good trend, as net profits have decreased steadily from $87,022 in 1950 to $66,631 in 1951 and $41,429 in 1952.

Working capital of $37,908 is less than 25 per cent of inventories of $166,028 while bank loans and overdraft amount to $167,475. It is apparent that the company is operating on borrowed money and is in a rather difficult financial position. By every yardstick that can be applied to a balance sheet, the stock is a sale and not a buy.

Coleman Collieries

WOULD YOU PLEASE *give me your opinion of Coleman Collieries. What future has it?—R. M., Revelstoke, B.C.*

Coleman Collieries was formed in 1951 in a merger of several coal companies in the Coleman area of Alberta. The principal product is bituminous coking coal for industrial use. Capacity of the mines is rated at 5,000 tons per day. In 1952 948,808 tons were mined.

The 1952 annual report, the first issued, shows that a deficit of $278,559 was incurred. This was partially due to non-recurring expenses resulting from the transfer of equipment from the Hillcrest mine, which was closed early in the year, and the purchase of new equipment. The balance sheet picture is distorted because of this and the 1953 report should show better results as operating economies are effected.

As Consolidated Mining and Smelting Co., which is a large consumer of coal, holds the majority of the 210,000 Class "A" shares, it appears that the company has a market for some of its coal.

At this time the earnings potential of Coleman is impossible to estimate but it appears at the present time that dividends are a rather remote possibility. The heavy interest charges of $359,743 on the $7,310,000 5% first mortgage bonds outstanding absorbed nearly half of the gross operating profit of $741,688 earned in 1952. With the market for coal being steadily narrowed by the inroads of fuel oils from western refineries, the stock does not appear to be too attractive as a long range speculation even at the present price of 30 cents.

Mid Continent Oil

DO YOU CONSIDER *Mid Continent Oil & Gas a good buy at the present market price of 18 cents?—K. R. W., Toronto.*

No. The company is due for a one for five reorganization. With income from production of only $41,546 and working capital of $69,819 shown for the year ending March 31, 1953, it is evident that the financial position is anything but healthy.

Massey-Harris

WILL YOU *kindly advise me as to the prospects for Massey-Harris in the near future. I bought extensively at 14⅜ after they split, and as it is now around 8 it doesn't look too good. Would you advise unloading, or do you think it will improve before long?—L. McN., Toronto.*

With the doubtful outlook for sales of farm equipment in the United States, where drought conditions in the Southwest, acreage restrictions on wheat plantings, great surpluses of farm products and declining commodity prices all point to reduced farm spending, the prospects of an extended recovery in this stock do not seem good.

The present mild recovery, which has brought the stock from the recent low of 7⅝ to 8½ seems unlikely to be extended beyond 10 even under favorable market conditions.

Bailey-Selburne

I HAVE A *considerable holding of Bailey-Selburne Oil and Gas. What is your opinion of this stock? Do you think it is a good investment? —O.H.L., Hamilton.*

With oil reserves estimated at the end of 1952 of 7 million barrels and

gas reserves of 69 million MCF, together with working capital of $1,627,322, Bailey-Selburne appears to be in a sound position to continue exploration and development work.

Although operating income of $1,489,917 fell short of covering expenses by $155,807 in the May-December period of operations, it is expected that with the higher allowables prevailing this year better earnings will be shown.

The recent low of 4.25 was made at the estimated line of value for this stock, and with the limited amount of interest in oil stocks now evident in the market, it seems to have bottomed out here. A recovery to about 6 seems possible when interest again returns to the western oil group.

Consolidated Rochette

SOME TIME AGO *I purchased a substantial quantity of Consolidated Rochette at what was close to its top price. To dispose of the stock now would mean a considerable loss. Should I hold for a recovery?—J. M., Unity, Sask.*

A recovery seems possible if any results are obtained from the Geiger survey now under way on the company's Milliken Lake uranium prospect. Having obtained $115,000 in working capital from the sale of 750,000 shares, which is supplemented by about $2,000 per month from the 15 per cent interest held in six oil wells, the company has sufficient funds to do considerable exploration work on the uranium property and the base metal claims in the Bathurst area of New Brunswick.

Melchers Distilleries

A FEW MONTHS AGO, *I bought some Melchers Distilleries Ltd. at around 9. After which it sagged and has remained around 4½-5 ever since without any sign of animation. I would appreciate your opinion on the future of this stock and state whether I should take my loss and be rid of it.—T. W., Toronto.*

The outlook for the common stock of Melchers does not appear to be too promising. One of the smaller distillers, whose products lack the public acceptance of nationally advertised brands, it appears to be losing ground in the face of the aggressive competition of the larger companies. Net profits have dropped from the $312,642 shown in 1946 to the $101,679 reported for 1952.

These profits barely covered the 1952 preferred dividend of $87,500 and left only $14,179 to transfer to surplus.

Due to the corporate set-up, which heavily favors the preferred stock (after the 6% preferred dividend has been provided for, the preferred stock is entitled to a 3% dividend ahead of the common, and shares equally with the common stock after that), the possibility of a common dividend seems rather remote.

With the top-heavy corporate structure (125,000 preferred shares to 62,500 common) overbalancing the common position and the preferred presently entitled to $413,978 (or $3.30 per share) out of the surplus of $1,072,547, when declared, the preferred appears to be much the better stock to hold at the present price of 10.

The slight margin of coverage of the preferred dividend and the high ratio of inventory to working capital ($2,116,620 to $1,502,244), together with the downtrend in net profits, do not invite investment.

New Continental Oil

I HOLD *1,700 shares of New Continental Oil for which I paid $2.11. What is your opinion of this stock?—E. W., Vancouver.*

At last report, New Continental has interests in 71 producing wells and oil reserves estimated at 20 million barrels. Of these, 39 wells are located in the Sprayberry field in Texas, 26 wells in the Leduc field and 4 in the Bonnyville area of Alberta.

As the only financial statements available are nearly a year old, it is difficult to estimate the position of the company; considerable capital changes have been made in the interval.

From the market action of the stock, which at 1.03 is close to the all-time low of 1.00, it appears that the distribution that carried the stock down from the high of 3.40 has been completed. While oil reserves of 3.3 barrels per share give the stock a possible value of 3.30, the stock markets are reflecting the fact that reserves alone are not enough to stimulate interest in oil stocks. We have now entered a phase where oil production will be the dominating factor in the assessment of oil stocks. Reserves which cannot be produced are merely overhead and a drain on working capital.

With the bulk of its reserves in Texas, where the regulatory commission has severely limited production, production income is not likely to show much expansion and may be absorbed by costs.

All factors considered, a recovery to about 1.50 is all that can be expected at the present time.

Klondyke-Keno

I PURCHASED *some Klondyke-Keno at 24 cents last spring. Do you think there is chance of this stock improving within the next year or so?—M. R. B., Hamilton.*

Klondyke-Keno is still very much in the prospect class. Drilling and underground work is continuing on the Blue Rock group of claims, which adjoin United Keno Hill property, to explore the lead, zinc, silver mineralization.

Whether a commercial ore body of sufficient dimensions to justify a mill will be developed can only be determined by further exploration work, but from the market action of the stock the prospects appear rather dim.

At 11 cents the stock is close to a two-year low of 10, after reaching a high of 67 in 1952. With 2,725,005 of the authorized 4 million shares issued, and market conditions unfavorable for the marketing of the remaining treasury shares, only the best of news will induce a recovery in the price.

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Notice is hereby given that a dividend of thirty cents per share upon the paid-up capital stock of this bank has been declared for the current quarter and will be payable at the bank and its branches on and after Tuesday, the first day of September next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 31st day of July, 1953.

By order of the Board,
T. H. ATKINSON, General Manager.
Montreal, Que., July 14, 1953.

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the Great American Insurance Company, New York, has received Certificate No. C 1420 from the Department of Insurance, Ottawa, authorizing the company to transact the business of Real Property Insurance in addition to the classes for which it is already registered.

J. H. Harvey,
Manager for Canada.

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Notice is hereby given that the American Alliance Insurance Company, New York, has received Certificate No. C 1419 from the Department of Insurance, Ottawa, authorizing the company to transact the business of Real Property Insurance in addition to the classes for which it is already registered.

J. H. Harvey,
Manager for Canada.

Ashley & Crippen

OLE BERG, Jr.: Oil affects everything,

Who's Who in Business

IN A WALL-LENGTH map of Canada in the presidential offices of the British American Oil Company provides both solace and inspiration to Ole Berg, Jr.

On it he can trace much of the company's history, from its beginning in a tiny Toronto office 47 years ago to its present position as the only Canadian-owned major oil company.

The San Francisco-born president can look at the oil towns of the West, where he first learnt to know Canada as an executive of the Union Oil Company. Later (in 1945) B-A bought out Union's Canadian assets and began to reverse the East-West trend of their imported oil flow—a process which will be virtually complete when the pipeline from Edmonton to Sarnia is finished.

And the map has personal significance. With a stubby finger, Mr. Berg can trace on it the path his father, a Norwegian-born skipper, took down the St. Lawrence River, as captain of a U.S. revenue cutter; he can point out the West coast fishing grounds from which friends occasionally air-mail him the salmon he so loves; and he can pore with interest over the Province of Newfoundland —the only one he has never visited.

Ole Berg, Jr. is a tall, powerfully built man with a deep, slow voice and a relaxed manner. His restful air belies the busy life he leads, plane-hopping between Toronto and the various American centres where B-A's business and that of its U.S. subsidiary, the British American Oil Producing Company, is transacted.

He first entered the oil business, straight from college, as a clerk with the Union Oil Company, and rose to the position of Vice-President and Director of the Canadian subsidiary before joining B-A in a similar capacity in 1948. He was elected President in 1951, after the death of B-A's founder, Albert Leroy Ellsworth.

Forty-nine-year-old Mr. Berg directs the company's operations from the 7th floor office of B-A's new building in Toronto which was completed in late 1950, and which, even apart from the interior's imaginative all-Canadian motif, is a model of what an attractive and efficient building should be. The president's son, Bob, now 22 and serving with the U.S. Air Force in California, helped on the building during his summer vacation, but although he shares his father's pride in B-A, he has his own ideas about the type of career he wants. His present plans indicate that he will enter the automotive business in Western Canada when he gets out of the services.

B-A's President and his wife, Margaret, have one other child—a married daughter—and Ole Berg, despite the "Jr.", is a grandfather. He lives in a modern home in suburban Forest Hill Village and drives to work in a black Buick.

He has two simple theories about handling the company's 5,000 employees. First, he thinks it best to train his own men for promotion within the organization and, second, he believes that, once trained, they should be kept in touch with developments by regular trips to Head Office for briefing. The first theory, he finds, usually solves itself because oil is such a fascinating subject.

"A grain failure in Winnipeg, a record harvest on the Prairies, new roads in Nova Scotia, war and weather anywhere—they all enter the picture", he says pointing to his map. "Everything is affected by oil, and oil affects everything."

JOHN WILCOCK

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in each Canadian community who influence the opinions of their neighbors. The bank manager . . . the president of a company . . . a doctor or lawyer . . . minister or newspaper editor . . . or a successful merchant. And these thoughtful Canadians are the readers of Saturday Night.

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- *Over 38,000 SN readers own their homes, and 9,680 own summer cottages.*
- *They drive 48,500 cars (4 cars for every 5 families) . . . 33.3 per cent more than the national average.*
- *These successful families are headed by 36,900 top level executives . . . 7,200 professional men . . . 3,600 top-tier men engaged in mining, construction and agriculture . . . and 3,000 government and service leaders.*
- *The average Saturday Night family has an annual income of three times the national average.*

These facts make you the best customers for the quality products and services you see advertised in each issue of . . .

Saturday Night

Number One Gusher

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

would you like to meet Professor Ipatieff?"

"Ipatieff!" said Egloff. "You mean the chemist? Is he still alive?"

"I mean the chemist. Also, he is alive. Also, he is here in Berlin. Tomorrow I will bring him to your room."

On the following day, Egloff's door opened and in strode a tall, bearded, ramrod-straight man, the fabulous Vladimir Nikolaevitch Ipatieff, one-time Russian nobleman, trained artillery expert, Lieutenant General in the Czarist army during World War I, former head of the Russian chemical industry, and one of the most renowned scientists in the world. He was regarded particularly as the world's greatest authority on high-pressure reactions conducted with the aid of catalysts, or stimulants.

"We'd all heard of the great Ipatieff," Egloff says, "but we'd heard of him for so many decades that we figured he must be dead."

Ipatieff, then 63, was very much alive, full of exciting new ideas which he discussed with Egloff through an interpreter. Also he was finding it increasingly difficult to work in Russia, and was contemplating a move.

"I watched him, and listened to him," the American chemist said later. "I decided we had to get him."

With Egloff's constant support, Ipatieff came to Chicago, shaved off his beard, took out his first papers—he became an American citizen in 1937—and began to study English. He also went on with his research. One of his developments formed the basis of catalytic polymerization, one of the first and most successful types of catalytic refining. Another, known as alkylation, took the waste gases from ordinary refining and turned them into super-gasoline.

"All the textbooks had described alkylation as impossible," said Egloff. "But by 1938 this 'impossible' reaction was in commercial use, and made possible the production of 100-octane aviation gasoline in enormous quantities."

Other Ipatieff discoveries were used in the production of synthetic alcohol and synthetic rubber from petroleum. Many petroleum and chemical companies, stimulated by his pioneering work, developed their own catalysts to transform petroleum by-products into TNT, synthetic detergents to replace soaps, new insect-sprays and weed-killers, lacquers and paints, improved lubricants, and scores of synthetic plastics.

By last winter, when he was still active, the fabulous Ipatieff had added another extraordinary chapter to his career, this one marked by more than 140 technical papers on his American research and more than two hundred new patents. He was then 84.

Long before Pearl Harbor, the little chemist realized some of these remarkable new processes would be vital for national defence. "Some day," he predicted, "we may be faced with war. We cannot remain dependent on supplies of natural rubber lying across the seas. We must build up our own resources—a domestic synthetic rubber industry able to produce a million tons of synthetic rubber a year."

He also called on government and industry to start on an enormous expansion program to produce high-octane aviation gasoline. "We should have at least a hundred thousand planes," he claimed.

"This is what we ought to do about synthetic rubber," he told one columnist, "and here is how it can be done. We can start with compounds like butadiene and—"

"Skip the details," the writer interrupted. "I wouldn't understand them anyhow. Just tell me this—are you sure it can be done?"

"It can be done."

"That's all I want to know. You've never given me a bad steer yet. I'll go along with you."

Within a few weeks, governmental officials were undergoing a barrage of newspaper reports on the future of synthetic rubber and aviation gasoline, and learning that an influential segment of the nation's press was viewing the situation with considerable alarm. Finally, one day Laughlin Currie, administrative assistant to President Roosevelt, telephoned Egloff.

"It seems you have some ideas for us," he said. "Can you come to Washington and give us the details?"

Long before the end of the war, Egloff's predictions had indeed come true. A vast synthetic rubber program was in full swing, and the American petroleum industry was supplying high-octane aviation gasoline for more than a hundred thousand military aircraft.

"Those programs would have been started anyhow," one oil expert said recently. "But if it hadn't been for Gus Egloff, and his willingness to talk and keep talking when he knew he was right, they might have been started tragically late."

Currently Egloff is calling for more and broader petroleum research, further expansion of the petroleum industry, and further improvements in automobile engines. He is also serving as the outstanding exponent of petrochemistry, the branch of science dealing with chemicals obtained from crude petroleum and natural gas.

"The raw materials for the petrochemical industry are only a couple of drops from the oil barrel — a fraction of one per cent of our oil production," he claims, "but its products, now representing about twenty-five per cent of America's total chemical production, are already revolutionizing nearly every phase of modern life."

Rarely has Egloff been accused of brevity by a reporter, and only once did he seem to run out of words. On that momentous occasion, in 1945, a Chicago reporter phoned him with the news of the first atomic explosion.

"From what everybody is saying," the reporter told him, "it looks like this is the new source of energy for the future. We don't need gasoline any more. This is the end of the petroleum industry. What do you think, Doc?"

For fully fifteen seconds, the chemist was speechless at the world-shaking announcement. Then he said, "Well, I don't know about that. They're still going to need oil to lubricate things. And, by the way, I want to tell you about a new lubricant my friends have developed out in California. It's made with some new chemicals which cut down rust-formation, it'll withstand any temperature up to and including . . ."

In the newspaper office, the reporter placed a hand over his telephone mouthpiece, and turned to the man at the next desk.

"Everything is going to be all right," he said. "Doc Egloff is still talking."

•

Brighter Store Fronts

AMONG the biggest factors today in selling everything from bedroom suites to blouses is a well-designed store front and a window that tells the story. If there is more inside a shop than meets the eye, the public is proving that it is rarely curious enough to find out.

Though redesigning store fronts is a business which has grown over the past decade into a million dollar industry, there are probably less than a dozen firms in Canada which specialize in it exclusively. The ones that do are true artists, always ready to experiment with new materials and techniques and yet with a wealth of merchandising experience which tells them just what architectural surprises the public is prepared to accept.

Designer John Farintosh of Toronto probably knows as well as anyone what this is. He designed his first store front during the Depression, when anything too elegant frightened the customers away. He's watched the trend swing all the way round to certain modern shops of today whose curtained windows don't even show what they are selling.

"The customer isn't ready for that type of revolutionary approach yet," he says. "Maybe in ten years' time, yes—in ten years' time it will be possible to sell goods without showing them in the window at all—but at the moment you need plenty of space and illumination to entice them in."

There are tricks in the trade. A window set back two feet from the sidewalk not only allows the passer-by to gawk without being hustled along but also means he is two feet nearer to entering; goods displayed at eye level get the attention quicker.

Farintosh's firm employs about 20, and does around 100 jobs a year, usually prefabricating the new store front to shorten the period during which the store has to be boarded up. Most of the time (as at present) the firm is engaged concurrently on about a dozen separate projects, each of which will cost from $3,500 to $20,000. The average cost is about $6,000 and Farintosh says, "The store owner who pays it off over five or six years still gets a bargain because the new front usually brings him more business than any $1,000-a-year salesman could."

Statistics kept by Canadian and American designers show that a redesigned store front has invariably jacked up business—sometimes as much as 500 per cent—in much the same way as a salesman has greater success when he wears a clean suit.

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FONDS DE PLACEMENT DE RESSOURCES DU CANADA LTÉE

NOTICE is hereby given that an eleventh dividend of SIX CENTS per share has been declared on the outstanding Common Shares of the Capital Stock of the Company, payable on 15th August, 1953, to Shareholders of record at the close of business on 31st July, 1953, and to holders of Bearer Share Warrants on presentation of Coupon No. 11 on and after 15th August, 1953, as stated therein.

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Films

The Wide Screen

EVERY WEEK now the screen seems to be producing some new wonder, and whether it is the result of the heat or merely because of a sense of human satiety, I sometimes feel like the gaffer who was taken out to look at the first steam engine. "It will never run," he prophesied, watching Stephenson's new invention puffing and gathering steam; and then added, when it actually began to trundle forward, "It will never stop."

Probably the technicians, busy on new stereoscopic ingenuities, won't be satisfied until their steam engine not only leaves the frame but ploughs into the audience, mangling enchanted movie-goers right and left.

Meanwhile, I hope they leave us time to get used to the new wide screen which adds to the third dimension of space a fourth dimension of wonder. You wonder what became of the acrobat who took off from a springboard at the bottom of the picture and then disappeared into space. Or you are startled by an off-screen voice which suddenly deserts the sound-track and seems to be prophesying from the pop-corn stand in the lobby. It is still a matter of interest, too, to look at human shadows with eyes like ponds and noses that might have been gigantically carved out of some rocky promontory. These are creatures too huge for the screen, let alone the human imagination, and probably the only way to accommodate them would be to invent a screen as high as it is wide. In that case, how will the *audience* be accommodated? Will we have to lie on our backs?

In *Thunder Bay*, for instance, I found myself leaning right over the balcony railing trying to catch a glimpse of the model oil-drilling barge that James Stewart was demonstrating to an interested promoter. It was, of course, cut off by the lower frame of the screen, so the Stewart demonstration became an exercise in gigantic pantomime. When the derrick itself was actually reared, you had to figure out for yourself most of the time what was going on beyond the screen's upper frame. Eventually, no doubt, some busybody genius will clear up all these technical problems.

In *Thunder Bay*, the hero (James Stewart) is kept busy trying to obtain oil from the bottom of the Gulf of Mexico. This is, of course, an immense mechanical undertaking and the makers of the film have assembled enough machinery and initiated enough workmanlike activity to make the production look impressively authentic, and even, for all I know, to bring up actual oil. To accomplish this, James Stewart has to deal with the opposition of local residents, who want to be left to their shrimp-fishing, with sabotage, strikes, a hurricane, and Joanne Dru. It is good slick-paper-magazine entertainment, involving a sound and detailed approach to mechanics and a completely mechanical approach to human behavior. James Stewart is satisfactory, as always.

I don't know where *Sea-Devils* gets its title, since practically all the action takes place on dry land, and the only body of water involved is the English Channel. It's a pseudo-historical piece, involving a beautiful countess (Yvonne de Carlo), who is anxious to get over to France and discover where Napoleon Bonaparte is keeping his fleet. So she picks up a sailor (Rock Hudson) in a tavern, and hires him to take her across on her mission. He is brave, muscular, handsome, and no brighter than he should be; and when, after landing her in France, he discovers she has beguiled him with a false story, he invades her sleeping quarters, trusses her up, and delivers her straight back to Intelligence Headquarters. However, she hustles right back to France, and there she is picked up in no time by the Security Police. (She isn't a Grade A spy, I'm afraid.) In the excitement, everybody, including the screen writer, overlooks the fact that she never did discover the whereabouts of the French fleet. The story makes no claim to historicity, Yvonne de Carlo and Rock Hudson make no claim to acting, and the whole thing seems to be a waste of everybody's time.

Jamaica Run is a complicated mystery melodrama, involving a disputed legacy, murder, deep sea diving, voodoo, fire, near drowning, and a variety of lesser excitements. A great deal of plot is stirred up in the process, but the final residue of entertainment is negligible. Ray Milland, Wendell Corey and Arlene Dahl are all involved here, but they do not exert themselves to any extent. Arlene Dahl is too good-looking to feel the need of acting, and neither Ray Milland nor Wendell Corey seemed to think it worth their while.

MARY LOWREY ROSS

•

To a Professor

You have carefully annotated the text
And pigeon-holed the variant readings
With copious footnotes; then annexed
The most appropriate special pleadings
That fitted your dubious critical case
To bolster the master's fading fame.
A suitable time to rest. But no, your chase
Pursues the long-dead genius to shame,
With gossipy notes on his gay affair
With the Grecian maid on the Attic coast,
His unpaid bills, and his grim despair
When the Dean denied him a coveted post,
Which you smugly assume was the explanation
Of his shunning the world for the bitter time
That brought him his ultimate defamation
And turned his career into pantomime.
So now, dear Prof., with your flag unfurled,
What was the message he gave the world?

VERNAL HOUSE

The Passing Show

Gagmen's Golconda

JACK BENNY, the frustrated fiddler and expert at timing a punch-line, told me years ago that he'd gladly pay as much as $2,000 a week for a durable, fertile gag-man, one not too addicted to research (which is stealing from everybody, while plagiarism is merely theft from one).

Think of anything for a laugh and you won't need to lug a Geiger counter through the bush hunting for uranium or pitchblende that may or may not be there, or to risk buying stocks in mining mirages that will never be there.

A fecund producer of facetiae, who can invent or exhume a gag a day, is worth his wit in gold, after taxes. Hollywood, TV, radio, comic-strips and politics—since Adlai Stevenson proved that wisecracks were not politically fatal—are starved markets for the belly-laugh, horse-laugh, chuckle, grin and smile, in that order.

Abe Burrowes (*Guys and Dolls*) sang (sic) drolleries for years—*Monday's Washday for Mother but No Soap for Dad* and *What the Mermaid Told the Sailor, But What the Sailor Said*, etc. His top was about $200 a week until producers learned that his hair-free dome capped a carefree guffaw-gusher; then he hit $250,000 a year, and up. Burrowes, Goodman Ace and others of their kind can never supply the demand.

Cross-eyed Ben Turpin, cross-purposed Fatty Arbuckle, Charles Chaplin, Buster Keaton, Harry Langdon in the silent days—they all devoured gag-men. Typical Turpin gag: Turpin staggering into a cave with a grizzly bear in pursuit, to emerge wearing a bear-skin coat. And Chaplin: the becaned, bemused and beloved tramp skidding into a free-lunch bar followed by a bevy of bearded immigrants and switching the tags on corned beef and roast pork (which would never survive the Johnson office today).

A gag is an evanescent incident for Groucho Marx, whose most pungent line was not delivered in public, but at the Lambs' Club, an isle of buffet lunch entirely surrounded by actors. At a Lambs' Gambol, magician Harry Houdini initiated his trick of threading a string of needles in his mouth. Summoning a witness from the audience, Houdini bade him look in his mouth and say what he saw there. The witness, Groucho, peered into the magician's orifice and said: "Pyorrhea".

Tommy Gray was a pioneer Hollywood gag-man, who raised the temperature of the moguls, (aghast at the rate of erasure of film notables by bad gals who were good shots), by hanging a warning on his door in genius row: "Out for Lunch, Don't Shoot." It ranked with Sam Goldwyn's classic: "In two words, the guy's im-possible!" Joe Frisco, the stuttering court jester, won fame for his response to knocks on his dressing-room door: "You're looking great. Don't come in!"

There have been other quips, quoted and requoted: Dorothy Parker's mordant gauge of the ability of an actress to run the gamut of emotion from A to B; Fred Allen's note on the Depression, that on Broadway actors were selling apples while in Beverly Hills the Singer midgets were selling crab-apples; Donald Ogden Stuart's estimate of an agent related to studio satraps, that when one of his stable was cremated he called for ten per cent of the ashes; and Bob Hope's characteristic line that he gave a pint of blood to the bank and W. C. Fields gave a fifth. And so on, ad infinitum.

Curiously, as customers have become more sophisticated, lines have been laundered. Proscribed are quips on infidelity, clergy, Queen Elizabeth and her consort, the Pentagon, Canadian currency, hammer murderers, casualty lists and general pathology. All other topical gaggery is as free as the air and as universal.

The show business axiom is that any fresh gag is here today and hooked tomorrow.

Anxious to raise the standard of comedy above Keystone Cops, bathing nymphs and pie-throwers, Hollywood's magnates sought to buy litterateurs by the ton. Top-drawer wordsmiths were hired to smarten dialogue. Aldous Huxley, P. G. Wodehouse, John Collier, J. B. Priestley and other British cognoscenti were lassooed, along with native satirists, Ring Lardner, Robert Benchley, Irvin Cobb, H. C. Witwer. These established wits discovered, as did their precursors, George Ade, Booth Tarkington, Finley Peter Dunne and Stephen Leacock, that the orthodox comic muse wilted in the perfumed air of Hollywood's oppressive opulence.

That most perverse wit of his time, Wilson Mizner, remains a standard victim of the gagman's banditry. Wilson, with his architect-brother Addison, promoted Boca Raton, a paradise for parasites in Florida. A rococo palm-plastered heaven, it flowered and flopped magnificently, involving the Mizners in court proceedings. Counsel for a speculator demanded: "Mr. Mizner, did you not tell my client that he could grow nuts on his development?" Wilson drawled: "No. I told him he would go nuts on it." At other times, he ran a zoological hotel in mid-Manhattan, enforcing a single but strict rule against smoking hop in elevators.

Mizner's sardonic wit took him to Hollywood, and there he died, telling the priest shriving him to save his time because he'd meet his boss very soon.

JOHN B. KENNEDY

THE SMALL HAT: *flat toque of moon grey velvet, with twisted border and pheasant tails. By Irene of New York.*

Women

THE LARGE HAT: *a glamour sailor, with a mushroom brim of white panne velvet, scalloped with topaz pheasant feathers. By Laddie Northridge.*

Conversation Pieces:

MOST of the New York fashion designers have their own names for the new full-bosomed, contour-hip silhouette. Christian Dior calls his The Chalice Look, "like a graceful full-bodied goblet on a flute-like stem"; Maurice Rentner has The Crescent Shape, "to 'crescentuate' the contour of the bodice upon a seemingly irreducible waistline"; Nettie Rosenstein emphasizes the straight princesse front and the backswept fullness by calling her silhouette the Figurehead; somewhat similarly Herbert Sondheim describes his as the Bird; Adèle Simpson calls hers simply the You-Shaped Silhouette.

By the way, the word "silhouette" as originally applied to an outline portrait, was named after Etienne de Silhouette, Controller-General of France in 1749, in derision of his excessive economy in finances.

News from the Maritimes: Dorothy Yates, of Baddeck, has won a French Government bursary for study at the Sorbonne. Miss Yates graduated this Spring from Dalhousie University. Mrs. Violet Falt, of New Glasgow, has been appointed a Governor of the Dominion Drama Festival. Cynthia Hills, of Moncton, retained her NB Senior Ladies' Golf championship.

This week, the Canadian National Ballet Company is performing at the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival, in Massachusetts, the first Canadian group ever to be invited.

Next week in Toronto, the Associated Country Women of the World will hold their 7th Triennial Conference (Aug. 12-23); it is the first time they have met in Canada, although the founder and first president was a Canadian, the late Mrs. Alfred Watt.

We came across an issue of *The Scots Magazine* for January, 1759, (with all the s's printed as f's) and found the death notices as interesting as anything else in it. One referred to Lady Angelique Domengieux de Sampé, who died in France, aged 103: "She never had any children, was a woman of great fpirit, went often a-hunting, and could fhoot very well. At 80 years fhe had loft her teeth, but had a new fet at 90, which fhe preferved till fhe was 100."

Mrs. Buda Brown, a Vancouver park commissioner, has been elected President of the International Northwest Parks Association.

Did you know that when you darken your lashes with mascara, you are following an ancient superstition? A circle of mascara was believed to ward off the "Evil Eye." So we were told by U.S. anthropologist Dr. Claudia De Lys.

Bessie Touzel, of Ottawa, has been appointed executive director of the Community Welfare Council of Ontario. She is a 1928 graduate of the University of Toronto School of Social Work.

In Spain, a police memorandum states that all swimmers must be clothed "with the traditional modesty and good taste becoming Spaniards." This includes the wearing of a bathing skirt by women.

We dropped in at the Peterborough Summer Theatre recently and saw an excellent production of *Pygmalion*. Leading lady Margaret Braidwood (Mrs. Harry Geldard) had just arrived the week before from England. She's the first contralto Eliza Doolittle we have heard, her voice being in the husky key of Tallulah Bankhead. Bob Gill, taking a busman's holiday from Hart House Theatre as the company's resident director, played the Professor.

Weddings: Varvee Simmons, of Edmonton, grand-daughter of the Hon. W. C. Simmons, of Victoria, to Matthew McLean, of Montreal; Judy Nanette Forster, assistant ballet mistress of the Royal Winnipeg Ballet, to Sqdn.-Ldr. Angus Ian Mitchell, of the RAF.

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Bonjour, Mesdames

ONTARIO-BORN Marjorie Dunton is as *chic* a Parisian as any native of the French capital; she has been highly successful in several different fields in Paris over the past twenty years, and has learned to love European life, but she hopes to come back and live in Canada.

Her early life was spent in Bowmanville, Oshawa and Toronto. After ten years with the Canadian Bank of Commerce, she married and went to Paris with her Canadian husband. The marriage ended in a "friendly" divorce. Marjorie stayed on in Paris and later met her present husband, George de Panczel, a Hungarian nobleman.

After her divorce, she became a model in one of the big Parisian dressmaking houses. This gave her the idea of starting a fashion house of her own, which she opened on the very fashionable and exclusive Faubourg St. Honoré, right next door to the world-famous house of Lanvin.

Although she began on a shoestring, and without previous practical experience in the *haute couture* field, Marjorie developed her business in four years into one of the biggest and most successful fashion-setting houses in Paris. Marjorie Dunton models — clothes, hats and bags — were bought by such well-known American firms as Bergdorf Goodman, Hattie Carnegie, Saks Fifth Avenue, Lord and Taylor, Best and Co., Bonwit Teller. Then came the German Occupation, and Marjorie, being Canadian, was forced out of business.

There was also a brief and exciting period on the Paris stage. The first night she appeared in Thornton Wilder's *Our Town,* in the comedy role of Mrs. Soames, George Kauffman came backstage and told her there was a contract waiting for her any time she wanted to come to New York. The next day, Orson Welles telephoned to offer her a part in one of his plays. But a year later Marjorie retired—because, she says, her husband was lonely at night . . .

WHEN the war was over, not having enough inflated *francs* to begin again in her old business of *haute couture,* this versatile young woman went into radio. During the Battle of the Bulge she had walked into the offices of *Radiodiffusion Française* (the French National Radio Station) and had sold herself as artistic director of American programs.

Today she has her own transcribed weekly program, which she calls *Bonjour Mesdames,* a fast-moving fifteen minute show in four parts. It features an interview with a famous personality, French or American; then a recipe from a French chef, with the story behind the recipe; next, the latest news about French fashions (she is fashion consultant to two big-name *couturiers* in Paris) done in the rapid Winchell manner; and finally, a "stroll" around Paris itself. Favorite old French songs are used as musical bridges—Maurice Chevalier's *Paris, je t'aime,* for instance, opens the show, and Josephine Baker's *J'ai deux amours* is the finale. The show is sponsored by the French Government and is carried by the American networks from coast to coast. Unfortunately, it is not heard in Canada, but it is stimulating, informative and good entertainment.

Maywald, Paris

MARJORIE DUNTON: Ready to broadcast her program, Bonjour Mesdames, in Paris. Canadian-born Miss Dunton has been a success as a model, couturier, actress and radio commentator.

Marjorie's radio work keeps her busy from morning till night. Research for program material may take her, as it did one afternoon recently, to the house of a well-known French furrier, to gather material for a talk on fall fur trends. Incidentally, in the huge storerooms upstairs, she saw hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of skins from Canada, waiting to be made up into the newest models in coats, stoles and wraps.

Marjorie Dunton is a plump woman, sparkling and vivacious. She dresses in the French manner, usually in black or grey. She has a host of friends, and is always entertaining and being entertained.

She and her husband live in a charming apartment in a quaint and almost rural-like corner of the Rue de Varenne, on the *Rive Gauche,* or Left Bank. The kitchen is at the top of the house; in the living room there is a big concert grand that was used by Liszt—Marjorie Dunton is also an accomplished pianist. Wide French windows look out on the gardens and parks of the Prime Minister of France, and nearby is a famous old monastery.

Marjorie and George are awakened every morning at 6 a.m. by Matins and at 8 p.m. they listen to Vespers, which the priests sing outside in the monastery gardens.

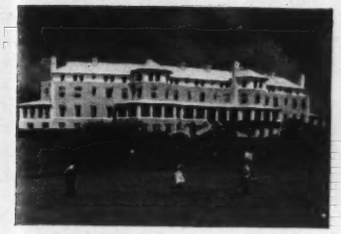
Marjorie's hobbies are people, cats and farming. She meets the people every day, of course, as she goes about her work. Her two cats are treated like human beings. Horatio Nelson, now 20 years old, is half-Siamese and half plain cat, and, believe it or not, lost an eye on Trafalgar Day. The 3½ months' old kitten, Prince Joe, is a pure-bred Siamese.

The farm was acquired recently and is still a novelty. It is some 50 miles from Paris and provides recreation and relaxation over the week-ends. Marjorie and her husband do all the work themselves—and love it.

A year ago, when I visited Marjorie Dunton for the first time, she was greatly excited over a birthday present that her husband had picked up for her at a sale at the *Salle Drouot,* the world-famous national public auction rooms in Paris. It was a beautiful two-manual organ (Victorian design), in perfect condition. It had been made in Bowmanville, Ontario. Marjorie says that it is possible her own father worked on it.

KATHLEEN STRANGE

COME TO
Beautiful Bermuda
AND THE
Mid-Ocean Club



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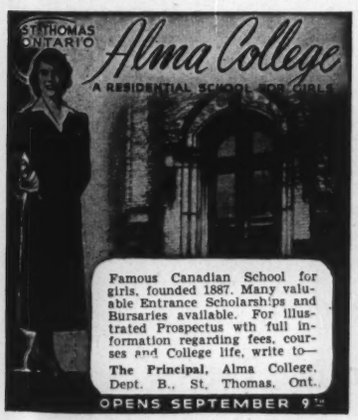

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Beauty

PAUL ROCKETTE of Revlon's encourages every woman to pluck her eyebrows. Clever eyebrow designing, he insists, can re-shape facial contours, give more expression to the eyes, and help minimize bad features.

"Too many women are afraid to experiment with plucking and darkening their brows," he says. "They are afraid the effect will be harsh or stagey." The trick, of course, is to do it in a subtle way.

The thin, stringy line is out; too artificial. And brows should never be plucked on top, as this gives a frowning look; they should always be plucked underneath and in such a way as to accentuate the natural arc. The clean white space thus acquired serves a double purpose: it draws attention to the eyes, by contrast, and tends to make them seem larger.

Applying eyebrow pencil is not just a long sweeping gesture. Such a line is unnatural. The pencil should be applied in short quick strokes, and lightly. The best contour effect is achieved when you raise your eyebrows as high as possible and pencil in the natural arc. Then comes the important "trick." Where do the eyebrows end? Certainly not in a blunted line or a downward droop, says Paul. In fact, the extension of the eyebrows is the real re-shaping of the face. To minimize a round face, the line should slant off towards the upper tip of the ear; in this way, the face seems to lengthen. To shorten a long face, the line should point towards the lower tip of the ear.

Do not be too sure that you know your type of face. Paul explained that often a woman believes she has a round face, when actually she hasn't. A low hair line may make you think your face is rounder than it really is. The way to measure a face for correct type is from the eyebrows down to the upper lip, and across from imaginary lines drawn downward from the eye corners. The perfect oval face has the same measurement down and across.

• •

An Artistic Finish

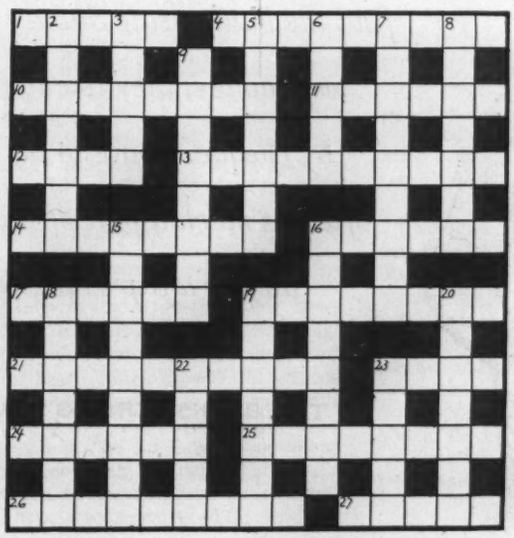
BY LOUIS AND DOROTHY CRERAR

ACROSS

1. See 6.
4. A chorine at the hermitage is certainly out of order. (9)
10. The revised film starts flamboyantly, but is completely deceptive. (4-4)
11. The odds are it will result from a trial run, eventually. (6)
12. Such a heavy weight in the van! (4)
13. At the butts your aim should be to enter these circles. (10)
14. See, it doesn't look like a real one! (5, 3)
16. The dancing muse got off work to twirl. (6)
17. These could be small editions of a 27, 24 to serve 25. (6)
19. The hound, sir, cannot be cornered. (8)
21. A bit of food, but hardly enough to keep a bird alive. (10)
23. They change color fast. (4)
24. See 27.
25. See 17. (8)
26. This is out of alignment. (9)
27, 24. Does this stellar attraction take the cream off another? (5, 6)

DOWN

2. Something for Albertans to gush about. (3-4)
3. Get a rise out of the friend of Pythias. (5)
5. I was named as one, when I got born under a French name. (7)
6, 1. This figure may suggest the hotel's resident nobleman. (5-5)
7. Concerning what one did on coming in? (2-7)
8. In a way his toilet's essential to his appearance at a cocktail party, perhaps. (1, 1, 5)
9. With these in skirts, one must be careful how to pack, lest disorder results. (8)
15. It should melt in the mouth. (4, 5)
16. Is it what Eve did before the Fall? (8)
18. Napoleon made the journey of his life from here to St. Helena. (7)
19. This, for old boys, might ruin one. (at least for the next day!) (7)
20. Depicts Manet as a composer— (7)
22. —and a painter or untidy decorator who hasn't read— (5)
23. —of one who makes a ruder appearance in art. (5)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Foundation
6. Chic
10. Titus 11. Lot
12, 13. House hunting
14. Eastman
15. Omdurman
16. Anonym 19. Blocks
22. Untraced
26. Reunion 27. Extract
29. Unite 30. Tie
31. Users 32. See 17
33. White House

DOWN

1. Fetch
2. Untuned
3. Dossier
4. Telegram
5. Outlet
7. Housman
8. Clean
9. Chosen
15. Orb
17, 32. Mud huts
18. Interest
20. Oculist
21. Knives
23. Retouch
24. Chateau
25. Snatch
26, 12. Rough-house
28. Taste (273)

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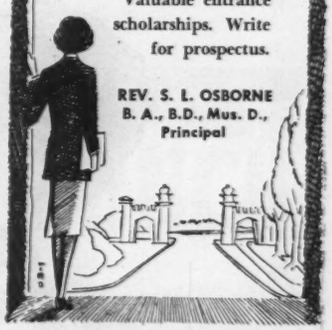

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Food

"SAUERKRAUT and sausages!" our friends predicted, when they learned that we were to take up temporary residence in Germany. (My husband is with the Wing Command, RCAF, stationed at Zweibrucken.) "You'd better begin to develop a taste for it. There may be very little of anything else."

We've been living in West Germany for almost six months, and I have yet to taste the first morsel of either sausage or sauerkraut. It is true that in every *Metzgerei* the sausages hang in elaborate festoons, in intricate decorative patterns, in the wall-space from floor to ceiling — liverwurst, rinderwurst (beef sausage), blutwurst, milzwurst (spleen sausage), and the long, slender, familiar frankfurters. And the addicts among our Canadian friends declare that never have they eaten sausage quite so delicious. That may be so. The abundance of other food has made it very easy for me to take their word for it.

Figures to show the phenomenal reconstruction of West Germany during the years since the end of the war could be quoted by the experts in commerce and town planning, in industry and transportation. But to the Canadian wife and housekeeper, set down in West Germany today, nothing illustrates the country's sensational come-back more eloquently than the food, which is plentiful and relatively inexpensive in every marketplace and corner store, in the restaurants and the roadside inns.

Up to the time we left Canada, many of us were sending food parcels at frequent intervals to friends in other European countries; and we were unprepared for this bountiful fare, the unrationed plenty, the availability of almost everything from oysters to ice-cream to succulent filet mignon.

There is no "national dish". Rather, each small district has some delicacy for which it is known and remembered. In Baden, we sample the *Käseflädle*, an omelette made with rich Allgäu cheese; tasty liver soup; Black Forest Cherry Tart; and *Langenburger Wibele*, the little sugar cookies baked to this day according to the recipe of the master baker Wibele, dated 1763. The roadside inns in the villages of the Palatinate offer us a bowlful of piping-hot *Schweinepfeffer mit Knödel* (seasoned pork with dumplings), a goblet of one of their own Durkheimer wines, and, for dessert, a slice of a rich butter crumb cake known as *Streuselkuchen*. Brunswick boasts of its gingerbread, made especially fragrant with heath honey: Westphalia, its juniper-smoked ham and moist *pumpernickel*. The colorful towns of the Rhineland specialize in *Kartoffelpuffer* (potato pancakes), clams and onion soup, Moselle pike with cream and grated Parmesan cheese.

Many of the dishes we have been accustomed to think of as distinctly German are not German in origin. The savoury *Paprika Goulasch* with Potato Dumplings, pride of many a German inn, originated in Hungary. The spicy *Apfelstrudel*, served with morning coffee in the *Konditorei* on our corner, is from Austria; and from Austria, too, comes the *Wiener Schnitzel*, feature of almost every eating-place in south-west Germany.

On our first day, we turned down the offer of a *Wiener Schnitzel*, suspicious lest it be the German equivalent of the American hot-dog. Imagine our surprise, and genuine regret, when it was carried, still sizzling, to the next table to us—and proved to be thin veal cutlets, sprinkled with salt, dredged with flour, brushed with egg, coated with bread-crumbs, fried to a rich golden brown, and served with a fried egg on top of each cutlet and lemon sections and chopped chives garnishing the crowded platter.

If wieners and sauerkraut are your dish, you'll find it ready and awaiting you, without a doubt. But if it isn't, West Germany's menus offer you an extensive and a colorful variety from which to choose. From the elegant riverside restaurant in Heidelberg, where dinner (from chilled shrimp to delicious meringue), was a more-than-two-hour performance, to the simplest rural *Gasthaus*, we have found "dining-out" in West Germany a thoroughly satisfying experience.

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Lighter Side

"Time for a Change"

"A VERY DULL ELECTION," I said to my friend Miss A., who bristled instantly.

"Not to anyone with any sense of civic responsibility," she said. "On the one hand we have waste, invasion of provincial rights and high-handed Orders-in-Council, and on the other efficiency, tax reduction, a low-cost housing program—"

"Oh yack, yack, yack!" said Rudyard the parrot, swinging moodily on his perch, "Yack, yack—"

"Be quiet, Rudyard," Miss A. said and went on with her argument. "Then suppression of Communism, expansion of foreign markets, Senate reform, all the issues neglected by the Liberal Government—in other words, it's time for a change."

"You never had it so good," said Rudyard.

Miss A. turned her back. "Pay no attention," she said in a lowered voice. "It happened, unfortunately, that the Liberal truck broke down in front of the apartment the other day, and the loudspeaker went on for almost an hour."

"L-I-B-E-R-A-L," chanted Rudyard, "Vote Liberal."

"Did you know," Miss A. continued, raising her voice, "that we are now paying 10 per cent sales tax on practically all our food-stuffs? The Conservative Party has promised to reduce this and other iniquitous measures and relieve the burden of the hard-pressed housewife. For this reason alone Mr. Drew should appeal to every intelligent woman—"

Rudyard cleared his throat, "Oh, I saw Mamma Kissing Santa Claus," he sang.

"Oh, shut *up*, Rudyard," Miss A. cried, losing her dignity; and snatching his cage off the hook, she put it in the broom-cupboard. There was a moment's silence then he shrieked, "Never had it so good!" and followed up this defiance with a burst of maniacal laughter.

"You'd better bring him out," I said nervously, "or he'll have all the neighbors in."

Miss A. brought the cage out reluctantly and restored it to its hook in the window. "Let's go to the tea-room downstairs," she said, "where we can have a little peace."

"YOU MUST UNDERSTAND," she went on a few minutes later, "that Rudyard is merely repeating, parrot-fashion, what he happened to hear." She opened the teapot lid and pressed the tea-bag with her spoon. "As a matter of fact," she said, "he reminds me of about 90 per cent of the people with whom I have discussed the election. They simply repeat word for word the catch phrases handed out by our more irresponsible papers—a sound national economic policy, wide-spread industrial expansion, the reduction of the national debt—"

"Just the same," I said, "I can't see how Mr. Drew can reduce taxation and at the same time equip Prince Edward Island with atomic electricity, irrigate Saskatchewan, bridge the gap between Campbellton and the Gaspé Peninsula, institute a low-cost housing and health service while maintaining welfare, defence and balancing the budget."

"Parrot!" Miss A. said scornfully, and held up a hand. "Sh-h!" she said.

The voice of a loudspeaker came suddenly from the street outside.

"Ladies, are you crushed by taxation and excessive sales taxes?" it began. "Do you feel it fair that all your food costs should be raised to support a surplus budget?"

The voice went on to describe the Progressive Conservative program in detail, and ended with a glowing promise of sound financial policy, increased industrial development and a better living standard for every Canadian.

"Now that is what I call sound creative political thinking!" Miss A. said.

"Crushed by taxation?" asked Rudyard genially, as we re-entered the apartment. "Then vote Conservative."

"Goodness, he's switched Parties!" I said.

"Of course he has," Miss A. said proudly. "Wouldn't any intelligent creature, once the issues were fairly presented to him, recognize the awful alternative to a Progressive Conservative Government?"

RUDYARD, who had been ascending his cage horizontally, glanced over his shoulder to announce, "Death and Taxes." He reflected on this for a moment, then added, "and statutory rape."

"Heavens!" I said, "where did he pick that up?"

"Probably from the police news," Miss A. said, much amused. "The rascal, he never misses a thing."

I got up. "He scares me," I said.

"Nonsense, Rudyard is the friendliest little soul alive. Here, try him on 'Rudyard want a cracker,'" she said, handing me a biscuit.

I shook my head. "He'd probably say, 'Rudyard want a low-cost housing scheme and free hospitalization,'" I said, and got up to leave.

"Oh, don't go yet," said Miss A., now in the best of humor.

"Time for a change," Rudyard advised; and at that I left immediately.

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The Backward Glance

28 Years Ago This Week in Saturday Night

TO THOSE OF US who believe that the world gets goofier as it gets older should take a little time off and re-read the publications of a decade or longer ago; the world today is positively saner than it ever was in the past, which isn't saying much. For instance, in the issue of SATURDAY NIGHT for Aug. 8, 1925, it was stated that the author of the infamous "Monkey Bill" in the Tennessee legislature expressed astonishment that the Bible had not been originally written in English.

For those who have forgotten the Scopes' Trial in Dayton, Tennessee, it came about when a school teacher named Scopes was caught red-handed teaching the hill-billy kids excerpts from Darwin's *Origin of Species*. This nefarious state of affairs could not be allowed to continue—or the Bible-thumping lay preachers would have to return to growing cotton and mixing hominy grits. Scopes was placed on trial for his heresy, and the world literally beat a path to the courthouse door in Dayton.

The attorneys for the State were led by William Jennings Bryan, and the attorneys for Scopes were under the leadership of Clarence Darrow, the most famous criminal lawyer in the U.S. Darrow scored a resounding international success; he lost the case for Scopes, but won the case for religious sanity. During the trial he shot a trick question at William Jennings Bryan, "Do you sincerely believe that Jonah swallowed the whale?" Bryan pulled himself up to his full height and shouted, for all the world to hear, "Yes!" That affirmative declaration was the beginning of the end for the great spellbinder, and he died five days after the trial, in his sleep.

But religious intolerance and hypocrisy were only a small part of the general paresis of 28 years ago. In Chicago a murderer had better than a 100-to-1 chance of beating the death penalty that year, and in the U.S., Canada and Great Britain the coal miners were in revolt against working conditions and low pay. SATURDAY NIGHT came out four square on the side of the mine owners, and had the following to say about the American coal mine situation: "The present conference between Pennsylvania coal operators and the officials of the Miners' Union will in all likelihood result in a stalemate, and it looks pretty much like the last kick of union domination in U.S. coal fields."

In Great Britain, the coal operators wanted to add another hour to the miners' working day or else reduce their wages, and the Baldwin Government was forced to pay a subsidy to the operators to stave off a general strike. And in Alberta, according to SATURDAY NIGHT, "The miners in and around Drumheller have acted as was to be expected . . . Drumheller was to have furnished shipments of coal to the Canadian National Railways and the Ontario Government, but is prevented from doing so by a band of Bolsheviks, known as the Red Deer Valley Miners' Union . . ."

Editorially, SATURDAY NIGHT may have been right about the mine situation in the three countries, for all we know, but this is what got our dander up: "A lot of sob sister stuff is printed from time to time regarding the hard life of a miner and the perils which he faces. As a matter of fact the casualties in coal mining are far less than on the highways of the continent . . . One of the chief dangers in mining is the difficulty of making men obey the rules that are laid down for their own protection."

Night Life of New York, starring Rod La Rocque, Dorothy Gish, Ernest Torrence and George Hackathorne, was playing at the Toronto Hippodrome, while Charlie Chaplin's *The Gold Rush* was starting at the Regent on Aug. 15. Edward Johnson had wowed a Japanese audience in Tokyo during May with his rendition of *Colpito m'avete* from *Andrea Chénier*, and his final encore, *Vesti la Giubba* from *I Pagliacci*.

The music and drama critic had this to say about *Night Life Of New York*: "Allan Dwan, a former Torontonian, gets away altogether from the hackneyed studio sets and gives movie patrons a glimpse of what Broadway really is like after dark. You will see one of the most famous supper night clubs in Gotham; at one table you will see a bona fide millionaire, at another an ex-nobleman who lives by his wits; nearby stands a waiter who looks far more like a gentleman than the majority of the club's patrons; here and there are society debutantes, demi-mondaines, crooks, gamblers and 'saps' doing the bright lights for the first time." Including SATURDAY NIGHT's awe-struck drama critic?

In a half-column of literary chit-chat called Saved from the Waste-Basket, "Candide" re-read his mail to the SATURDAY NIGHT reader, and it was just about as bad as you'd expect the mail to be from the literary sacred cows of the day. It carried such interesting items as, "John Murray Gibbon writes from the Banff Springs Hotel that he was, at time of writing, about to make a preliminary expedition in anticipation of the Trail Rider's jaunt." And a letter from G. Frederick Clarke was touted as being, "just the sort of letter all authors ought to be composing at this season." It began: "This morning I hooked, played and landed *four*—the largest 26 lbs. Oh! it was a bonny fecht . . ." If that's the way authors wrote in those days, the column would have been better titled, Thrown in the Waste Basket.

IN 1925 the Big Businessman looked like a Big Businessman, and by golly, when he had his photograph taken in his chin-high collar there was no mistaking him for a master plumber or a male filing clerk. A triad of them graced the first page of the Financial Section. They were John Wilson McConnell, who had been made a director of the Bank of Montreal, Thomas Ahearn, ditto, and George Morris Bosworth, Chairman of the Canadian Pacific Steamships, who had recently died in London.

A woman who wrote under the pseudonym "Valerie" ran the Correspondence Column in the Women's Section. In answer to a girl who wrote in complaining of the ease with which she blushed, Valerie advised, "Mary: I should not be distressed about the propensity to blush if I were you. It is highly refreshing in these days to hear of a girl who has that charming way of showing confusion. Of course, if you really feel 'uncomfy' about it, the best thing to do is to try to forget all about yourself. Wasn't it Georgiana Podsnap in *Our Mutual Friend* who was always in danger of blushing?" And she went on, "As to the pimples, they are entirely another matter, and you are quite right to get rid of them as soon as possible." (Valerie, did you ever think that it might be the pimples that were making her blush in the first place?)

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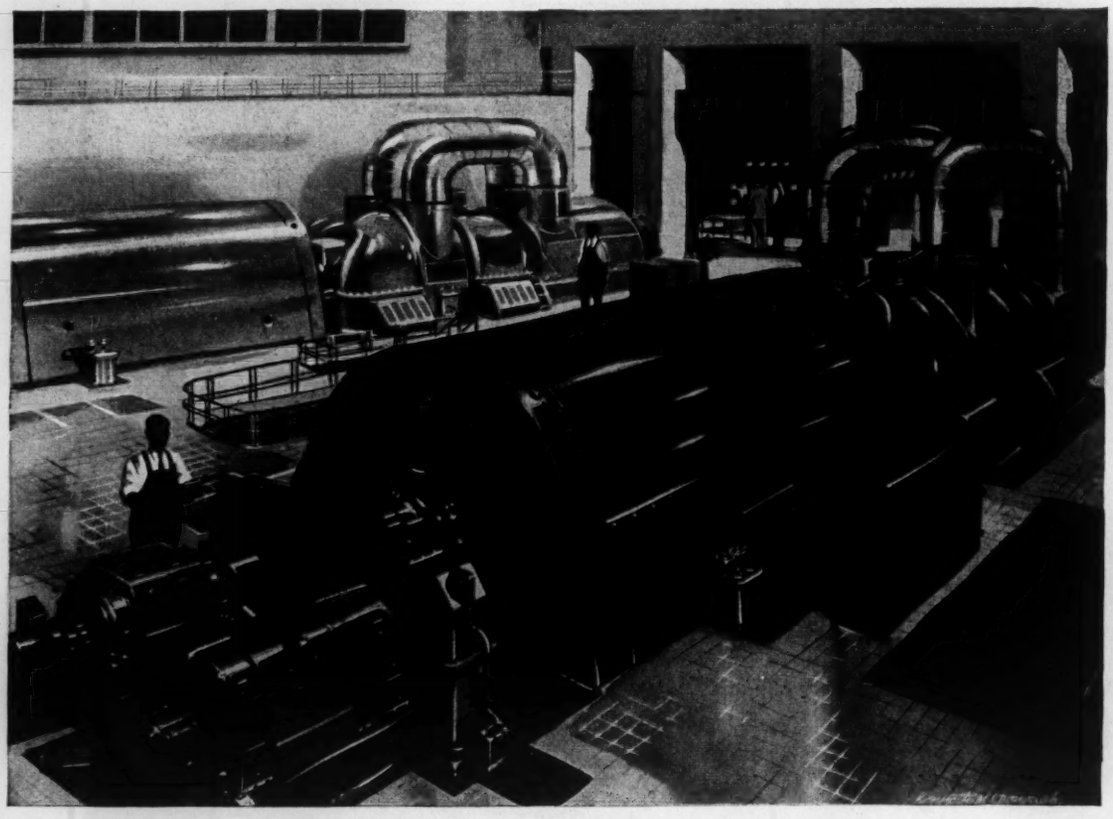

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